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~~011773. a. 21~~  
LYING LOVER:

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OR, THE

*Ladies Friendship.*

A  
COMEDY.

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*Written by* SIR RICHARD STEELE.

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*Hæc nosse salus est adolescentulis.* TER.

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LONDON:

Printed for HENRY LINTOT. 1747.

W. G. COVER

OF THE



COMEDY.

W. G. COVER

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LONDON.

Printed by W. G. COVER



TO HIS  
GRACE  
THE  
Duke of ORMOND.

My LORD,



UT of Gratitude to the Memorable and Illustrious Patron of my Infancy, Your Grace's Grandfather, I presume to lay this Comedy at Your Feet: The Design of it is to banish out of Conversation all Entertainment



which does not proceed from Simplicity of Mind, Good-nature, Friendship, and Honour: Such a Purpose will not, I hope, be unacceptable to so great a Lover of Mankind as your Grace, and if your Patronage can recommend it to all who love and honour the Duke of ORMOND, its Reception will be as extensive as the World itself.

'Twas the irresistible Force of this Humanity in your Temper that has carry'd you through the various Successes of War with the peculiar and undisputed Distinction, that You have drawn Your Sword without other Motive than passionate Regard for the Glory of your Country; since before you entred into its Service, You were possess'd of its highest Honours, but could not be contented with the Illustrious Rank Your Birth gave You, without repeating the glorious Actions by which it was acquired.

But there cannot be less expected from the Son of an OSSORY, than to contemn Life to adorn it; and with Munificence, Affability, Scorn of Gain,  
and

*Epistle Dedicatory.*

and Passion for Glory, to be the Honour and Example to the Profession of Arms: All which engaging Qualities Your Noble Family has exerted with so stedfast a Loyalty, that in the most adverse Fortune of our Monarchy, Popularity, which in Others had been invidious, was a Security to the Crown, when lodg'd in the House of ORMOND.

Thus Your Grace enter'd into the Business of the World with so great an Expectation, that it seem'd impossible there could be any thing left, which might still conduce to the Honour of Your Name. But the most memorable Advantage Your Country has gain'd this Century, was obtain'd under Your Command; and Providence thought fit to give the Wealth of the *Indies* into his Hands, who only could despise it; while with a superior Generosity, He knows no Reward but in Opportunities of bestowing. The great Personage whom You succeed in Your Honours, made me feel, before I was sensible of the Benefit,

A 3 nefit,

nefit, that this glorious Bent of Mind  
is Hereditary to You; I hope, there-  
fore, You will pardon me, that I take  
the Liberty of expressing my Venera-  
tion for his Remains, by assuring Your  
Grace, that I am,

**MY LORD,**

*Your Grace's*

*most Obedient,*

*and most Devoted*

*Humble Servant,*

**RICHARD STEELE.**



# THE PREFACE.



HO' it ought to be the Care of all Governments, that publick Representations should have nothing in them but what is agreeable to the Manners, Laws, Religion and Policy of the Place or Nation in which they are exhibited; yet it is the general Complaint of the more Learned and Virtuous amongst Us, that the English Stage has extremely offended in this kind: I thought therefore it would be an honest Ambition to attempt a Comedy, which might be no improper Entertainment in a Christian Commonwealth.

In order to this, the Spark of this Play is introduced with as much Agility and Life, as he brought with him from France; and as much Humour as I could bestow upon him, in England. But he uses the Advantages of a Learned Education, a ready Fancy, and a liberal Fortune, without the Circumspection and good Sense which should always attend the Pleasures of a Gentleman; that is to say, a reasonable Creature.

Thus he makes false Love, gets Drunk, and kills his Man; but in the fifth Act awakes from his Debauch, with the Compunction and Remorse which is suitable to a Man's finding himself in a Gaol for the Death of his Friend, without his knowing why.

The Anguish he there expresses, and the mutual Sorrow between an only Child and a tender Father in that Distress, are, perhaps, an Injury to the Rules of Comedy,



## The PREFACE.

*but I am sure they are a Justice to those of Morality: And Passages of such a Nature being so frequently applauded on the Stage, it is high time that we should no longer draw Occasions of Mirth from those Images which the Religion of our Country tells us we ought to tremble at with Horror.*

*But her Most Excellent Majesty has taken the Stage into Her Consideration; and we may hope by Her gracious Influence on the Muses, Wit will recover from its Apostacy; and that by being encourag'd in the Interests of Virtue, 'twill strip Vice of the gay Habit in which it has too long appear'd, and clothe it in its native Dress of Shame, Contempt, and Dishonour.*



P R O





# PROLOGUE.

**A**LL the commanding Pow'rs that awe Mankind  
Are in a trembling Poet's Audience join'd,  
Where such bright Galaxies of Beauty sit,  
And at their Feet assembled Men of Wit :  
Our Author therefore owns his deep Despair  
To entertain the Learned or the Fair ;  
Yet hopes that both will so much be his Friends ;  
To pardon what he does, for what he intends ;  
He aims to make the coming Action move  
On the dread Laws of Friendship and of Love ;  
Sure then he'll find but very few severe,  
Since there's of both so many Objects here.  
He offers no gross Vices to your Sight,  
Those too much Horror raise for just Delight ;  
And to detain th' attentive knowing Ear,  
Pleasure must still have something that's severe.  
If then you find our Author treads the Stage  
With just regard to a reforming Age ;  
He hopes, he humbly hopes, you'll think there's due  
Mercy to him, for Justice done to you.

# Dramatis Personæ.

## M E N.

**O**LD Bookwit,  
Young Bookwit,  
Lovemore,  
Frederick,  
Latine,  
Storm,  
Charcoal,

Captain Griffm.  
Mr. Wilks.  
Mr. Mills.  
Mr. Toms.  
Mr. Cibber.  
Mr. Pinkethman,  
Mr. Bullock.

## W O M E N.

Penelope,  
Victoria,  
Betty,  
Lettice,

Mrs. Rogers.  
Mrs. Oldfield.  
Mrs. Cox.  
Mrs. Lucas.

Constables, Watch, Turnkey, Cookmaid, and several  
Gaol-birds.

## SCENE LONDON.



THE  
LYING LOVER:  
OR, THE  
LADIES FRIENDSHIP.

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ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *St. James's Park.*

*Enter Young Bookwit and Latine.*

L A T I N E.



UT have you utterly left *Oxford*?  
*Y. Book.* For ever, Sir, for ever; my  
Father has given me leave to come to  
Town, and I don't Question but will  
let my Return be in my own Choice—  
But *Jack*, you know we were talking  
in *Maudline Walks* last Week of the Necessity, in In-  
trigues, of a faithful, yet a prating Servant — We  
agreed therefore to cast Lots who should be the other's  
Footman for the present Expedition — Fortune,  
that's always blind, gave me the Superiority.

A 6

*Lat.*

*Lat.* She shall be call'd no more so, for that one Action: And I am, Sir, in a literal Sense, your very humble Servant —

*Y. Book.* Begin then the Duty of an useful Valet, and flatter me egregiously——Has the Fellow fitted me? How is my Manner? my Mien? Do I move freely? Have I kick'd off the Trammels of a Gown? Or does not the Tail on't seem still tuck'd under my Arm, where my Hat is? with a pert Jirk forward, and little Hitch in my Gait like a Scholastick Beau? ——This Wig, I fear looks like a Cap.

*Lat.* No, Faith, it looks like a Cap and Gown too? tho' at the same time you look as if you ne'er had worn either ——

*Y. Book.* But my Sword——does it hang careless? ——do I look bold, negligent, and erect? that is, do I look as if I could kill a Man without being out of Humour? I horridly mistrust myself——Am I military enough in my Air? I fancy People see I understand *Greek*. Don't I pore a little in my Visage? ——Han't I a down bookish Lour? a wise Sadness? ——I don't look gay enough and unthinking, I fancy.

*Lat.* I protest you wrong yourself: ——You look very brisk, and very ignorant.

*Y. Book.* Oh fie——I am afraid you flatter me.

*Lat.* I don't indeed——I'll be hang'd if my Tutor would know either of us——But, good Master, to what use do you design to put the noble Arts and Sciences he taught us——Thy Conduct of our Lives, the Government of our Passions, were his daily talk to us, good Man?

*Y. Book.* Good Man! Why I'll obey his Precepts, but abridge 'em——For as he used to advise me, I'll contract my Thoughts——as I'll tell you, *Jack*.——For the Passions, I'll turn 'em all into that one dear Passion, Love! and when that's the only Torture of my Heart, I'll give that tortur'd Heart quite away, deny there's any such thing as Pain, and turn *Stoick* a shorter way than e'er thy Tutor taught thee——This is the new Philosophy, you Rogue you——

*Lat.*



*Lat.* But you would not in earnest be thought wholly illiterate?

*Y. Book.* No; for as when I walk, I'd have you know by my Motion I can dance; so when I speak I'd have you see I read——yet would ordinarily neither cut Capers, nor talk Sentences——But you prate as if I came to Town to get an Employment; ——No! hang Business——hang Care, let it live and prosper among the Men——I'll ne'er go near the solemn ugly things again——I'll keep Company with none but Ladies——bright Ladies——Oh London! London! Oh Woman! Woman! I am come where thou livest, where thou shinest.

*Lat.* Hey-day! why, were there no Women in Oxford?

*Y. Book.* No, no; why, do you think a Bed-maker's a Woman?

*Lat.* Yes, and thought you knew it.

*Y. Book.* No, no, 'tis no such thing——As he that is not honest or brave is no Man; so she that is not witty or fair is no Woman——No, no, *Jack*——to come up to that high Name, and Object of Desire——She must be gay and chaste, she must at once attract, and banish you——I don't know how to express myself—but a Woman methinks is a Being between us and Angels——She has something in her that at the same time gives Awe and Invitation; and I swear to you, I was never out on't yet——But I always judg'd of Men, as I observ'd they judg'd of Women: There is nothing shews a Man so much as the Object of his Affections——But what do you stare at so considerably?

*Lat.* Faith, Sir, I am wondring at you——how 'tis possible you could be so janty a Town-spark in a Moment, and have so easy a Behaviour——I look methinks to you, as if I were really your Footman.—

*Y. Book.* Why, if you're serious in what you say—I owe it wholly to the Indulgence of an excellent Father, in whose Company I was always free, and unconstrain'd——But what's this to Ladies, *Jack*, to Ladies



Ladies—I was going to tell you I had study'd 'em, and know how to make my Approaches to 'em by contemplating their Frame, their inmost Temper—I don't ground my Hopes on the scandalous Tales and Opinions your wild Fellows have of 'em—Fellows that are but mere Bodies—Machines—which at best can but move gracefully—No, I draw my Pretences from Philosophy, from Nature—

*Lat.* You'll give us by and by a Lecture over your Mistress: you can dissect her.

*Y. Book.* That I can indeed, and have so accurately observ'd on Woman, that I can know her Mind by her Eye, as well as her Doctor shall her Health by her Pulse—I can read Approbation through a Glance of Disdain—Can see when the Soul is divided by a sparkling Tear that twinkles and betrays the Heart; a sparkling Tear's the Dress and Livery of Love—Of Love made up of Hope, and Fear, of Joy and Grief—

*Lat.* But what have the Wars to do with all this? Why must you needs commence Soldier all of a sudden?

*Y. Book.* Were't not a taking Complement with my College Face and Phrase t'accost a Lady—Madam, I bring your Ladyship a learned Heart, one newly come from the University—If you want Definitions, Axioms, and Arguments, I am an able Schoolman—I've read *Aristotle* twice over, compar'd his jarring Commentators too, examin'd all the famous Peripateticks, know where the Scotists and the Nominals differ: This certainly must needs enchant a Lady.

*Lat.* This is too much on th'other side.

*Y. Book.* The Name of Soldier bids you better welcome. 'Tis Valour and Feats done in the Field, a Man should be cry'd up for—nor is't so hard to atchieve—

*Lat.* The Fame of it, you mean—

*Y. Book.* Yes; and that will serve—'Tis but looking big, bragging with an easy Grace, and confidently

ly mustering up an hundred hard Names they understand not: Thunder out *Villeroy*, *Catinat*, and *Boufflers*; speak of strange Towns and Castles, whose barbarous Names, the harsher they're to the Ear, the rarer and more taking——Still running over Lines, Trenches, Outworks, Counterscarps, and Forts, Citadels, Mines, Countermines, Pickeering, Pioneers, Centinels, Patroles, and others, without Sense or Order, that matters not, the Women are amaz'd, they admire to hear you rap 'em out so readily; and many a one that went no farther for't, retailing handsomly some warlike Terms, passes for a brave Fellow——Don't stand gaping, but live and learn, my Lad——I can tell thee ten thousand Arts, to make thee known and valued in these Regions of Wit and Gallantry, the Park, the Playhouse——

*Lat.* Now you put me in mind where we are——What have we to do here thus early——now there's no Company?

*Y. Book.* Oh! Sir, I have put on so much of the Soldier with my red Coat, that I came here t'observe the Ground I am to engage upon——Here must I act, I know, some Lover's Part, and therefore came to view this pleasant Walk——I privately rambled to Town last *November*——Here, ay here—I stood and gaz'd at high Mall, till I forgot 'twas Winter, so many pretty She's march'd by me——Oh! to see the dear things trip, trip along, and breathe so short, nip with the Season——I saw the very Air not without Force leave their dear Lips.——Oh! they were intolerably handsome.

*Lat.* You'll see, perhaps, such to day——but how to come at 'em——

*Y. Book.* Ay, there's it, how to come at 'em——

*Lat.* Are you generous?

*Y. Book.* I think I am no Niggard.

*Lat.* You must entertain them high, and bribe all about 'em. They talk of *Ovid*, and his Art of Loving, be liberal, and you outdo his Precepts——The Art of Love, Sir, is the Art of Giving——Be free to Women,

Women, they'll be free to you. Not ev'ry open-handed Fellow hits it neither. Some give by Lap-fuls, and yet ne'er oblige. The manner, you know, of doing a thing is more than the thing itself—Some drop a Jewel, which had been refused, if bluntly offer'd.

*Y. Book.* Some lose at Play what they design a Present.

*Lat.* Right—the Skill is to be generous, and seem not to know it of yourself, 'tis done with so much ease; but a liberal Blockhead presents his Mistress as he'd give an Alms—

*Y. Book.* Leaving such Blockheads to their deserv'd ill Fortune—Tell me if thou know'st these Ladies?

*Lat.* No, not I, Sir, they are above an Academick Converse many Degrees—I've seen ten thousand Verses writ in the University on Wenches not fit to be either of their Handmaids—I never spoke to such a fine thing as either in my whole Life—I'm downright asleep o'fudden—I must fall back, and glad it is my Place to do so: Yet I can get you Intelligence perhaps—I'll to the Footman.

*Y. Book.* Do you think he'll tell?

*Lat.* He would not to you perhaps—but to a Brother Footman—Do but listen at the Entrance of the Mall at Noon, and you'll have all the Ladies Characters in Town among the Lacqueys—You know all Fame begins from our Domesticks—

*Y. Book.* That was a wise Man's Observation—Follow him, and know what you can. [*Exit Latine.*]

*Enter Penelope, Victoria, Simon and Lettice.*

*Pen.* A Walk round would be too much for us—we'll keep the Mall—But to our Talk—I must confess I have Terrors when I think of marrying *Lovemore*: He is indeed a Man of an honest Character—he has my good Opinion, but Love does not always follow that—He is so wise a Fellow, always so precisely in the Right, so observing and so jealous—he's blameless indeed, but not to be commended: What good he has, has no Grace in't:—  
he's

he's one of those who's never highly mov'd, except to Anger——Give me a Man that has agreeable Faults, rather than offensive Virtues.

*Via.* Offensive Virtues, Madam!

*Pen.* Yes,——I don't know how——there's a sort of Virtue, or Prudence, or what you'll call it, that we can but just approve——That does not win us——*Lovemore* wants that Fire——that Conversation-Spirit I would have——They say he's learn'd as well as discreet, but I'm no Judge of that: I'm sure he's no Woman's Scholar; his Wisdom he should turn into Wit, and his Learning into Poetry or Humour.

*Via.* Well, I'm not so much of your Mind, I like a sober Passion.

*Pen.* A sober Passion! you took me up just now when I said an offensive Virtue——Bless me!

[*Stumbling almost to a Fall.*]

*Y. Book.* [*Catching her.*] How much am I indebted to an Accident, that favours me with an Occasion of this small Service! for 'tis to me an Happiness beyond Expression thus to kiss your Hand.

*Pen.* The Occasion, methinks, is not so obliging, nor the Happiness you mention, worth that Name, Sir.

*Y. Book.* 'Tis true, Madam, I owe it all to Fortune, neither your Kindness nor my Industry had any share in't; Thus am I still as wretched as I was, for this Happiness I so much prize had doubtless been refus'd my want of Merit.

*Pen.* 'T has very soon, you see, lost what you valued in it: But I find you and I, Sir, have a different Sense; for in my Opinion we enjoy with most Pleasure, what we attain with least Merit——Merit is a Claim, and may pretend justly to Favour; when without it what's conferr'd is more unexpected, and therefore more pleasing.

*Y. Book.* You talk very well, Madam, of an Happiness you can't possibly be acquainted with, the enjoying without Desert. But indeed you have done me a very singular good Office, in letting me know myself very much qualify'd for Felicity.

*Via.*



*Vil.* I swear he's a very pretty Fellow, and how readily the Thing talks—I begin to pity *Love-more*, but I begin to hate *Penelope*. How he looks! he looks at her!

*Y. Book.* But judge, Madam, what the condition of a passionate Man must be, that can approach the Hand only of her he dies for, when her Heart is inaccessible—

*Pen.* 'Tis very well the Heart lies not so easily to be seized as the Hand—I find—Pray, Sir—I don't know what there is in this very odd Fellow, I'm not angry, tho' he's downright rude.—But I must—

*Y. Book.* But your Heart, Madam, your Heart—

[*Pressingly.*

*Pen.* You seem'd, Sir, I must confess, to have shewn a ready Civility when I'd like to fall just now, for which I cou'd not but thank you, and permit you to say what you pleas'd on that occasion—But your Heart, Madam! 'tis a sure Sign, Sir, you know not me—Or if you are what indeed you seem—a Gentleman—sure you forget yourself, or rather you talk by Memory, a Form or Cant which you mistake for something that's gallant.

*Y. Book.* Madam, I very humbly beg your Pardon, if I press'd too far, and too abruptly—I forgot indeed that I broke through Decencies, and that tho' you have been long a Familiar to me, I am a Stranger to you.

*Pen.* Pray, familiar Stranger, what can you mean? I never saw you before this instant, nor you me, I believe.

*Y. Book.* Perhaps not that you know of, Madam,—For your Humility, it seems, makes you so little sensible of your own Perfection, that you o'erlook your Conquest; nor have you e'er observ'd me, tho' I hover Day and Night about your Lodging, haunt you from Place to Place, at Balls, in the Park, at Church—I gave you all the Serenades you've had, yet never till this Minute cou'd I find you, and this Minute an unfortunate one—But this is always my Luck, when I'm out of the Field.

*Vil.*



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*Viz.* You've travell'd then, and seen the Wars, Sir?

*Y. Book.* I——Madam—I——All that I know of the matter is, that *Lewis* the Fourteenth mortally hates me. They talk of *French Gold*——What Heaps have I refus'd!——Yet to be generous even to an Enemy, I must allow that Prince has Reason for his Rancour to me.——There has not been a Skirmish, Siege, or Battle since I bore Arms, I made not one in: No, nor the least Advantage got o'the Enemy but I had my Share, tho' perhaps not all my Share o'th'Glory.—You've seen my Name, tho' you don't know it, often in the *Gazette*.

*Pen.* I never read News.

*Enter Latine.*

*Lat.* What Tale's he telling now, tro?

*Y. Book.* You've never heard, I suppose, of such Names as *Ruremond*, *Keyserwaert*, and *Liege*: Nor read of an *English Gentleman* left dead by his Precipitancy upon a Parapet at *Venlo*——I was thought so indeed, when the first Account came away.——Every Man has his Failings—Rashness is my Fault.

*Lat.* Don't you remember a certain Place call'd *Oxford* among your Towns, Sir?

*Y. Book.* Shaw, away——Oh!——oh! I beg your pardon, Ladies! this Fellow knows I was shot in my left Arm, and cannot bear the least Touch, yet will still be rushing on me.

*Lat.* He has a Lye, I think, in every joint. [*Aside.*]

*Pen.* Do you bear any Commission, Sir?

*Y. Book.* There's an Intimate of mine, a General Officer who has often said *Tom*, if thou would'st but stick to any one Application, thou might'st be any thing——'Tis my Misfortune, Madam, to have a Mind too extensive. I began last Summer's Campaign with the renowned Prince *Eugene*, but was forc'd to fly into *Holland* for a Duel with that rough Captain of the *Hussars*, *Paul Diack*——They talk of a Regiment for me——But those Things——besides it will oblige me to attend it, and then I can't follow Honour where.

20      *The LYING LOVER: or,*

where-e'er she's busiest, but must be confined to one Nation——When indeed 'tis rather my way of serving with such of our Allies as most want me.

*Pen.* But I see you Soldiers never enjoy such a thing as Rest——You but come home in Winter to turn your Valour on the Ladies, 'tis but just a change of your Warfare.

*Y. Book.* I had immediately return'd to *Holland*, but your Beauties at my Arrival here disarm'd me Madam, made me a Man of Peace, or rais'd a Civil War within me rather.——You took me Prisoner at first fight, and to your Charms I yielded up an Heart, till then unconquer'd. Martial Delights (once best and dearest to me) vanish'd before you in a Moment, and all my Thoughts grew bent to please and serve you.

*Lett. Lovemore's* in the Walk, Madam, he'll be in a Fit.

*Y. Book.* Rob me o'th' sudden thus of all my Happiness! Yet e'er you quite forsake me, authorize my Passion, licence my innocent Flames, and give me leave to love such charming Sweetness.

*Pen.* He that will love, and knows what 'tis to love, will ask no Leave of any but himself.      [*Ex. Ladies.*

*Y. Book.* Follow 'em, *Jack*.

*Lat.* I know as much of 'em already as needs. The Footman was in his talking Vein——The handsomer of the two, says he, I serve, and she lives in the Garden.

*Y. Book.* What Garden?

*Lat. Covent-Garden:* The other lies there too. I did not stay to ask her Name, but I shall meet him again, I took particular notice of the Livery.

*Y. Book.* Ne'er trouble thyself to know which is which, my Heart and my good Genius tell me, 'tis she, that pretty she I talk'd to.

*Lat.* If, with respect to your Worship's Opinion, I might presume to be of a contrary one, I should think the other the handsomer now.

*Y. Book.* What the dumb Thing! the Picture——No, Love is the Union of Minds, and she that engages mine must be very well able to express her own.      But

*The LADIES FRIENDSHIP.* 21

I suppose some scolding Landlady has made you thus enamour'd with Silence. But here are two o'the dearest of my old Comrades, they seem amaz'd at something by their Action.

*Enter Lovemore and Frederick.*

*Fred.* How! a Collation on the Water, and Musick too?

*Love.* Yes, Musick and a Collation.

*Fred.* Last Night?

*Love.* Last Night too.

*Fred.* An handsome Treat?

*Love.* A very noble one.

*Fred.* Who gave it?

*Love.* That I'm yet to learn.

*Y. Book.* How happy am I to meet you here!

*Love.* When I embrace you thus——no Happiness can equal mine. [Saluting.]

*Y. Book.* I thrust myself intrudingly upon you; but you'll pardon a Man o'erjoy'd to see you.

*Love.* Where you're always welcome, you never can intrude.

*Y. Book.* What were you talking of?

*Love.* Of an Entertainment.

*Y. Book.* Given by some Lover?

*Love.* As we suppose.

*Y. Book.* That Circumstance deserves my Curiosity; pray go on, and let me share the Story.

*Love.* Some Ladies had the Fiddles last Night.

*Y. Book.* Upon the Water too methought you said?

*Love.* Yes, 'twas upon the Water.

*Y. Book.* Water often feeds the Flame.

*Love.* Sometimes.

*Y. Book.* And by Night too?

*Love.* Yes, last Night.

*Y. Book.* He chose his time well——The Lady is handsome?

*Love.* In most Mens Eyes she is.

*Y. Book.* And the Musick?

*Love.* Good, as we hear.

*Y. Book.*

*Y. Book.* Some Banquet follow'd?

*Love.* A sumptuous one, they say.

*Y. Book.* And neither of you all this while know who gave this Treat? ha, ha.

*Love.* D'ye laugh at it?

*Y. Book.* How can I chuse, to see you thus admire a slight Divertisement I gave myself?

*Love.* You?

*Y. Book.* Ev'n I ———

*Love.* Why, have you got a Mistress here already?

*Y. Book.* I should be sorry else; I've been in Town this Month or more, though for some Reasons I appear but a little yet by Day. I th' dark o'th' Evening peep out, and *incognito* make some Visits. Thus had I spent my time but ill, were not ———

*Lat.* Do you know what you say, Sir? ——— Don't lay it on so thick ———

*Y. Book.* Nay, you must be sure to take care to be in the way as soon as they land, to shew up Stairs — I beg Pardon, I was giving my Fellow some Directions about receiving some Women of Quality that sup with me to-night *inco* ——— But you're my dearest Friends, and shall hear all ———

*Fred. to Love.* How luckily your Rival discovers himself.

*Y. Book.* I took five Barges, and the fairest kept for my Company; the other four, I fill'd with Musick of all sorts, and of all sorts the best; in the first were Fiddles, in the next Theorbo, Lutes, and Voices.

Flutes and such Pastoral Instruments i'th' third.

Loud Musick from the fourth did pierce the Air.

Each Confort vy'd by turns,

Which with most Melody shou'd charm our Ears.

The fifth the largest of 'em all, was neatly hung,

Not with dull Tapestry, but with green Boughs,

Curiosity interlac'd to let in Air,

And every Branch with Jessamines, and Orange

Posies deck'd.

In this the Feast was kept.

Hither with five other Ladies I led her whose Beauty alone



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alone governs my Destiny. Supper was serv'd up straight; I will not trouble you with our Bill of Fare, what Dishes were best lik'd, what Sauces most commended; 'tis enough I tell you this delicious Feast was of six Courses, twelve Dishes to a Course.

*Lat.* That's indeed enough of all Conscience. [*Aside.*

*Love.* Oh the Torture of Jealousy! [*Aside.*] But, Sir, how seem'd the Lady to receive this Entertainment? We must know that.

*Y. Book.* Oh! that was the height on't—She, I warrant you, was quite negligent of all this matter. You know their way. They must not seem to like—No, I warrant it wou'd not so much as smile to make the Fellow vain, and believe he had Power to move Delight in her—ha, ha!

*Love.* But how then?

*Y. Book.* Why you must know my Honour grew Poetick—I pull'd off my Sword-knot, and with that bound up a Coronet of Ivy, Laurel, and Flowers; with that round my Temples, and a Plate of richest Fruits in my Hand, on one Knee I presented her with it as a *Cornucopia*, an Offering from her humble Swain of all his Harvest—to her the *Ceres* of our genial Feast, and rural Mirth—She smil'd—the Ladies clapp'd their Hands, and all our Musick struck sympathetick Rapture at my Happiness; while gentle Winds, the River, Air, and Shore echo'd the Harmony in Notes more soft than they receiv'd it. Methought all Nature seem'd to die for Love like me. To all my Heart and every Pulse beat time—Oh the Pleasures of successful Love! ha, *Love more!* ha! What, hast thou got a good Office lately—You're afraid I should make some Request. Pr'ythee ben't so shy, I have nothing to ask but of my Mistress; what's the matter?

*Love.* I only attend, Sir, I only attend—

*Y. Book.* Then I'll go on. As soon as we had supp'd the Fireworks play'd. Squibs of all sorts were darted through the Skies, whose spreading Fires made a new Day. A flaming Deluge seem'd to fall from Heaven, and with such Violence attack'd the Waves,  
you

you wou'd have thought the fiery Element had left his Sphere, to ruin his moist Enemy. Their contest done, we landed, danc'd till Day, which hasty *Sol* disturbed us with too soon. Had he ta'en our Advice, or fear'd my Anger, he might in *Thetis's* Lap have slept as long as at *Alcmene's* Labour he's reported: But steering not as we wou'd have prescrib'd, he put a Period to our envy'd Mirth.

*Love.* Trust me, you tell us Wonders, and with a Grace as rare as the Feast itself, which all our Summer's Mirth can't equal.

*Y. Book.* My Mistress took me o'th' sudden—I had not a Day's Warning.

*Love.* The Treat was costly tho' and finely order'd.

*Y. Book.* I was forc'd to take up with this Trifle. He that wants time can't do as he would.

*Love.* Farewel, we shall meet again at more leisure.

*Y. Book.* Number me among your Creatures.

*Love.* Oh Jealousy! thou Rack, Jealousy!

*Fred.* What Reason have you to feel it? the Circumstances of the Feast nothing agree——

*Love.* In this Time and Place they do! the rest is nothing.

[*Ex. Fred. and Love.*]

*Lat.* May I speak now, Sir, without Offence?

*Y. Book.* 'Tis in your Choice now to speak or not, but before Company you'll spoil all.

*Lat.* Do you walk abroad and talk in your Sleep? or do you use to tell your Dreams for current Truth?

*Y. Book.* Dull Brain!

*Lat.* Why you beat out mine with your Battles, your Fire-works, your Musick, and your Feasts. You've found an excellent way to go to your Wars, and yet keep out of Danger—Then you feast your Mistresses at the cheapest rate that e'er I knew! Why d'ye make 'em believe you ha' been here these six Weeks?

*Y. Book.* My Passion has the more Growth, and I the better Ground to make Love.

*Lat.* You'd make one believe fine things, that wou'd but hearken to you—But this Lady might soon have found you out——

*Y. Book.*

*Y. Book.* Some Acquaintance I have got however; this is making Love, Scholar, and at the best Rate too.

*Lat.* To speak Truth, I'm hardly come to myself yet, your great Supper lies on my Stomach still. I defy *Pontack* to have prepar'd a better o'th' sudden. Your enchanted Castles, where Strangers found strange Tables strangely furnish'd with strange Cates, were but six-penny Ordinaries to the fifth Barge! you were an excellent Man to write Romances, for having Feasts and Battles at Command, your *Quixot* in a Trice wou'd over-run the World; revelling and skirmishing cost you nothing; then you vary your Scene with so much ease, and shift from Court to Camp with such Facility —

*Y. Book.* I love thus to outvie a News-monger; and as soon as I perceive a Fellow thinks his Story will surprize—I choke him with a stranger, and stop his Mouth with an *extempore* Wonder: Didst thou but know what a Pleasure 'tis to cram their own News down their Throats again? —

*Lat.* 'Tis fine, but may prove dangerous Sport, and may involve us in a Peck of Troubles: Pr'ythee, *Tom*, consider that I am of quality to be kick'd or can'd by this L. —

*Y. Book.* Hush, hush, call it not Lying; as for my waging War, it is but just I snatch and steal from Fortune that Fame which she denies me Opportunity to deserve — My Father has cramp'd me in a College, while all the World has been in Action. Then as to my lying to my Mistress, 'tis but what all the Lovers upon Earth do, — Call it not then by that coarse Name a Lye. 'Tis Wit, 'tis Fable, Allegory, Fiction, Hyperbole, — or be it what you call it, the World's made up almost of nothing else. What are all the grave Faces you meet in publick? — mere silent Lyes, dark solemn Fronts, by which they wou'd disguise vain empty silly Noddles, — But after all, to be serious, since I am resolv'd honestly to love, I don't care how artfully I obtain the Woman I pitch upon. — Besides, did you ever know any of them

acknowledged they lov'd as soon as they lov'd—No they'll let a Man dwell upon his Knees—whom they languish to receive into their Arms—They're no fair Enemy——Therefore 'tis but just, that

*We use all Arts the Fair to undermine,  
And learn with Gallantry to hide Design.* [Exeunt.



## ACT II. SCENE I.

*Enter Old Bookwit, Penelope, and Lettice.*

©. B. **M**istress Penelope, I have your Father's Leave to wait upon you, Madam, and talk to you this Morning; nay, to talk to you of Marriage.

*Pen.* To talk to me of Mariage, Sir?

*O. Bookwit.* Yes, Madam, in behalf of my Son *Tom Bookwit.*

*Pen.* Nay, there may perhaps be something said to that. [Aside.]

*O. Book.* I sent for him from *Oxford* with that Design, he came to Town but Yesterday; and if a Father can judge, he brings from a College the Mien and Air of a Court——I love my Son entirely, and hope, Madam, you take my Thoughts as to you, to be no want of Respect to you.

*Pen.* 'Twere want of Sense, Sir, to do that.

*O. Book.* If I can remember my Style to my Mistress of old, I'll ease *Tom's* way, and raise her Expectation of my Son. [Aside.] Madam, Had I my Hat, my Feather, Pantaloon, and Jerkin on, as when I woo'd your humble Servant's Mother, I would deliver you his Errand. I married her just such a young thing



thing as you : her Complexion was charming, but not indeed with all your Sweetness.

*Pen.* Oh ! Sir !

*O. Book.* Her Neck and Bosom were the softest Pillows, her Shape was not of that nice sort ; some young Women suffer in Shapes of their Mother's making, by spare Diet, strait Lacing, and constant Chiding. But 'twas the Work of Nature, free, unconstrain'd, healthy and——But her Charms had not all that Emanation which yours have.

*Pen.* Oh fie ! fie !

*O. Book.* Not those thousand thousand Graces, that soft Army of Loves and Zephyrs, Millions of airy Beings that attend around you, and appear only to the second Sight of Lovers.

*Pen.* O fie ! Pray, good Sir, you'll leave nothing for your Son to say.

*O. Book.* I did not think I had such a Memory. I find the Women are now certainly Daughters of the Women before 'em.——Flattery still does it. [*Aside.*] *Tom* is my only Son, and I extremely desire to have him settled.——I own I think him of much Merit.

*Pen.* He would derogate from his Birth, were he not much a Gentleman. But to receive a Man in the Character of a Pretender at first Sight——

*O. Book.* I'll walk him by and by before your Window, where your own Eyes shall judge.——I think there's nothing above his Pretences but yourself ; but when one of so many excellent Qualities bestows herself, it must be condescension.——You shall not answer——Farewel, Daughter : We are but too apt to believe what we wish—— [*Exit O. Book.*]

*Pen.* 'Tis as you said, *Lettice*, *Old Bookwit* came to propose his Son.

*Lett.* I overheard the old Gentleman talk of it last Night.——But, Madam, you han't heard the Song that was made on you——Oh 'tis mighty pretty. The Gentleman is dying for you, he says it, pure pure Verses.

28      *The LYING LOVER: or,*

*Pen.* Whoever writ 'em, he's not the first Poet I have made. They may talk, and say Nature makes a Poet, but I say Love makes a Poet. Don't you see elder Brothers, who are by Nature born above Wit, shall fall in Love, and write Verses ——— nay, and pretty good ones, considering they can tag 'em to Settlements: But let's see.

To CELIA's Spinnet.

Reading. **T**hou soft Machine that dost her Hands obey,  
Tell her my Grief in thy harmonious Lay.

Poor Man ———

*To shun my Moan to thee she'll fly.  
To her Touch be sure reply,  
And, if she removes it, die.*

The Device is just and truly poetical.

*Know thy Bliss—Ay, ay, there I come in.  
Know thy Bliss, with Rapture shake,  
Tremble o'er all thy numerous Make;  
Speak in melting Sounds my Tears,  
Speak my Joys, my Hopes, my Fears.*

Which all depend upon me.

*Thus force her, when from me she'd fly,  
By her own Hand, like me, to die.*

Well, certainly nothing touches the Heart of Woman so much as Poetry. I suppose the Master is in the next Room, 'tis his Hour, desire him to walk in. 'Twill make one's Ears tingle, a Song o'one's Self!

*[Here the Song is perform'd to a Spinnet.]*

Well, dost think, Lettice, my grave Lover writ this fine thing——say'st thou?

*Lett.* No, Madam,——nobody writes Songs on those they are sure of.

*Pen.* Sure of me! the Insolent!

*Lett.* Nay, I know no more than that he said he'd turn me away as soon as he had married you.

*Pen.* 'Tis like enough.——That's the common Practice of your jealous-headed Fellows.——Well, I have

have a good mind to dress myself anew, put on my best Looks, and send for him to dismiss him——I know he loves me.

*Lett.* I never knew him shew it but by his Jealousy.

*Pen.* As you say, a jealous Fellow love?—'tis all Mistake, 'tis only for himself he has Desires; nor cares what the Object of his Wishes suffers, so he himself has Satisfaction——No, he has a Gluttony, an Hunger for me.

*Lett.* An Hunger for you! I protest, Madam, if you'd let me be his Cook, and make you ready, I'd poison him. But I'm glad *Simon* disobey'd you, and told the Gentleman's Servant who you were, and your Lodging——

*Pen.* Did the Rogue do so?——Call him hither.

*Lett.* *Simon*, why *Simon*.

*Enter Simon.*

*Pen.* Sirrah, I find I must at last turn you off, you saucy Fellow, don't stand staring and dodging with your Feet, and wearing out your Livery Hat with squeezing for an Excuse, but answer me, and that presently.

*Sim.* I will, Madam, as soon as you ask me a Question.

*Pen.* Not afore them——Mr. *Pert*, Don't you know you told the Gentleman's Footman in the Park who I was, against my constant Order, when I walk early. Come, Sirrah, tell all that pass'd between you.

*Sim.* Why, Madam, the Gentleman's Gentleman came up to me very civilly, and said his Master was in Discourse with my Lady he suppos'd——Then he fell into Talk about Vails——about Profits in a Service; at last after a deal of civil Discourse between us——

*Pen.* Come, without this Preamble,——what he ask'd you, Impertinence,——tell that, do——

*Sim.* He ask'd about you, and Madam *Victoria*.——I said, the handsomest of the two is my Lady.

*Pen.* Speak on boldly, *Simon*; I am never angry at a Servant that speaks Truth.

*Sim.* He told me he should be very proud of my Acquaintance: Indeed, Madam, the Man was very well-spoken, and shew'd a great deal of Respect for me, on your Ladyship's Account——He is a mighty well-spoken Man, and said, he found I was a smart Gentleman——said he'd come again.

*Pen.* Go, you have done your Business.  
Go down.

[Exit.

*Lett.* Well, after all, Madam, I did not think that Gentleman displeas'd you.

*Pen.* Had but *Young Bookwit* his Mien and Conversation, how easily would he exclude *Lovemore*!

Enter Servant.

*Serv.* Mr. *Lovemore* is coming up, Madam.

*Pen.* He has not heard sure of this new Proposal.

*Lett.* 'Tis possible he may, and come to rant or upbraid your Ladyship; I wonder you endure him on these Occasions.

*Pen.* I'll rack his very Heart-strings. He shall know all that Man e'er suffer'd for his native Mistress, Woman.

*Lett.* His Father, Madam, has been so long coming out of *Suffolk*.——There are strange Tricks in the World, but 'tis not my Place to speak——

*Pen.* However, his Father may come at last; I will not wholly lose him; as bad as he is, he's better than no Husband at all——Stay in the Room, I'll talk to you as if he were not present——

Enter Lovemore.

*Love.* Ah! *Penelope*! Inconstant! fickle *Penelope*!

*Pen.* But, *Lettice*, you don't tell me what the Gentleman said; now there's no body here you may speak——

*Love.* Now there's nobody here?——Then I am a Thing, an Utensil——I am no body, I have



no Essence that I am sensible of——I think 'twill be so soon——This Ingrate,——this Perjur'd!

*Pen.* Tell me, I say——how the Match happened to break off?

*Lowe.* This is downright Abuse——What! don't you see me, Madam?

*Lett.* He had the Folly, upon her being commonly civil to him, to talk of directing her Affairs before his time: In the first place, he thought it but necessary her Maid, her faithful Servant Mrs. Betty, should be remov'd.

*Lowe.* Her faithful Servant, Mrs. Betty!——Her Betrayer, Her Whisperer, Mrs. Lettice——Madam, wou'd you but hear me——I will be heard——

*Pen.* Pr'ythee step, Lettice, and see what Noise is that without.

*Lowe.* The Noise is here, Madam; 'tis I that make what you call Noise——'Tis I that claim aloud my Right, and speak to all the World the Wrongs I suffer.

*Pen.* Cooling Herbs well steep'd——a good Anodyne at Night, made of the Juice of Hellebore, with very thin Diet, may be of Use in these Cases.

[Both looking at him as disturb'd.

*Lowe.* Cases!——What Cases? I shall downright run mad with this damn'd Usage. Am I a Jest?

*Lett.* A Jest!——no Faith, this is far from a merry Madness——Ha! ha! ha!

*Lowe.* Hark'e Lettice——I'll downright box you——Hold-your Tongue, Gipsy——

*Lett.* Dear Madam, save me——Go you to him——

*Pen.* Let him take you——Bless me——how he stares,——take her.

*Lett.* Take her. }

*Pen.* Take her. }

[Running round each other.

*Lowe.* Very fine——No, Madam, your Gallant, your Spark last Night; your fine Dancer, Entertainer, shall take you——He that was your Swain, and you, I warrant, a fantastick Nymph of the Flood, or Forest; ha! ha! ha! to be out all Night with

a young Fellow——Oh! that makes you change your Countenance, does it so?—Fine Lady——You wonder how I came to know——why chuse a discreeter the next time—he told me all himself——Swoon—die for Shame at hearing of these Words—do——

*Pen.* I am indeed downright ashamed for him that speaks 'em; whence this Insolence, if not from utter Distraction, under this Roof?

*Love.* Oh! the Ingrate!——Have not I, Madam, two long Years, two Ages, with humblest Resignation depended on your Smiles; and shall I suffer one of Yesterday's——to treat you, to dance all Night with you?

*Pen.* Speak softly——my Father's coming down.

*Love.* Thy Father's coming down! faithless!——Thou hast no Father. But to cross me by Night upon the Water!

*Pen.* Well, by Night upon the Water.——What then?——

*Love.* Yes, all Night:

*Pen.* What of that?

*Love.* Without Blushing when you hear of it?

*Pen.* Blush for what!—What do you drive at?

*Love.* Can you then coldly ask what 'tis I mean, thou Reveller, thou Rambler; a fine young Lady with your Midnight Frolicks! But what do I pretend to?—I know not how with bended Knees to call you *Ceres*,——make you an Offering of Summer Fruits, and deify your Vanity?——Thou art no Goddess, thou'rt a very Woman, with all the Guile——Your Barges! your Treats! your Fireworks!

*Pen.* What means the Insolent!——You grow insufferable.

*Love.* Oh *Penelope*! that Look, that disdainful Look has pierc'd my Soul, and ebb'd my Rage to Penitence and Sorrow——I own my Fault——I'm too rash——

*Pen.* Th'imaginary Enemies you raise are but mere Forms of your sickly Brain——so I think, and scorn 'em.

'em. A diffident, an humourous, and ungenerous Man, who without grounds calls me Inconstant, shall surely find me so: She will be very happy that takes a constant Man with twenty thousand Humours,

*Love.* Is it a Fault my Life's bound up in thee, That all my Powers change with thy Looks, That my Eyes glote on thee when thou'rt present, And ake and roll for Light when thou'rt absent?

*Pen.* A little ill Usage, I see, improves a Lover strangely; I never heard him speak so well in my Life before. [*Aside.*

*Love.* Of you I am not jealous: 'Tis my own Indesert that gives me Fears, And Tenderness forms Dangers where they're not: I doubt and envy all things that approach thee; Not a fond Mother of a long-wish'd-for only Child beholds with such kind Terrors her infant Off-spring as I do her I love. She thinks its Food, if she's not by, unwholsome; and all the ambient Air made up of Fevers and of Quartan Agues, except she shrouds it in her Arms——Such is my unpitied anxious Care for you; and can I see another——

*Pen.* What other?

*Love.* Nay, if you make a Secret of your Meeting——there's all that I suspect in't——Another? Young *Bookwit* is another——

*Pen.* I never saw his Face——Young *Bookwit*?

*Love.* What! not tho' he sollicitd a Glance, with Symphonies of charming Note, with sumptuous Dishes!——Not when the flying Meteors from the Earth made a new Day!——Not see him!——Oh! that was hard——That was unkind: not one Look for all this Gallantry! But Love is blind——You can be all Night with the Son, all Day with the Father, and never see either——His Father was here this Morning; seek not to excuse——I find your Arts, and see their Aim too——Go, go, take your *Bookwit*.——Forget your Lover, as he now must you.

*Pen.* Hear but three Words.

*Love.* What shall they be?

*Pen.* Pr'ythee hear me.

*Love.* No, no, your Father's coming down.

*Pen.* He's not coming, nor can he overhear us. There's Time and Privacy enough to disabuse you.

*Love.* I'll hear nothing unless you will be married, unless you give me, as a present Earnest of yourself, three Kisses, and your Word for ever.

*Pen.* To give way to my Satisfaction then—— and be Friends again—— you wou'd, Mr. *Love-more*, have three Kisses——

*Love.* Three Kisses, your Faith and Hand.

*Pen.* Nothing else; will you be so contented?

*Love.* I'll expect higher Terms, if you accept not these—— Quickly then.

*Pen.* Well then—— No, my Father's coming; ha! ha! ha!

*Love.* Laugh at my Sufferings!—— slight my Anger.

Is this your base Requit of my Love? ——  
Revenge, Revenge—I'll print on thy Favourite in his Heart's Blood my Revenge. Our Swords—our Swords shall dispute our Pretences, rather than he enjoy what my long Services entitle me to, which is to do myself right for what he intends an Injury; tho' perhaps what we shall dispute for is better lost.

*Pen.* Mr. *Love-more*, you have taken very great Liberties; you say I have injur'd you in my Regard to another—— Is your Opinion then of what you say you will dispute for, such as you just now said—better lost?

*Love.* Look you, Madam—so—— therefore—— as to that—— this is such—— for that it—— You don't consider what you said to me——

*Pen.* Ha! ha! ha.

*Love.* You shall by all that's—— You shall repent this. [Flings out.]

*Pen.* This is all we have for't, a little Dominion beforehand—— These are the Creatures that are born to rule us, who creep, who flatter, and servilely beseech our Favour; which obtain'd, they grow fullen,



fullen, proud and insolent; pry into the Gift, the Manner of bestowing, with all the little, Arts th' ungrateful use to hide, or kill their Sense and Conscience of a Benefit——

*Lett.* Ay, ay, Madam, 'tis so—— I had a Sweet-heart once, a Lady's Butler, to whom I gave a Lock of my Hair! and the Villain, when we quarrell'd, told me half of 'em were gray.

*Pen.* Ha! ha! ha! the Ingrate—— the Faithless, as *Lovemore* says——

*Lett.* And yet, Madam, the Rogue stole a Letter out of a Book to ask me for it—— as my next Suitor found out.

*Pen.* However, I am sure 'tis in my Fate to be subject to one of them very suddenly.

*Lett.* Ah! Madam! the Gentleman this Morning——

*Pen.* The Fellow's very well, and I am mightily mistaken, if my Cousin *Victoria* did not think so——

*Lett.* And so do you heartily. [Aside.

*Pen.* Yet I wish I had seen this young *Bookwit* before *Lovemore* came to-day——

*Lett.* I'll tell you how, Madam—— *Victoria* has ne'er a Lover, and is your entire Friend—— Now, Madam, suppose you got her to write a Letter to this young Gentleman in her own Name—— You meet him under that Name *incognito*; then if an Accident should happen, both you and she may be safe, and puzzle the truth: you never writ to him, she never met him——

*Pen.* A lucky Thought—— step to her immediately—— I'll come to her, or she to me.

*Lett.* I fly, I fly—— [Exit.

*Pen.* This is indeed a lucky hint of the Wench, in which I have another drift too—— Now shall I sift my Friend *Victoria*, and perfectly understand whether she likes that agreeable young Fellow; for if her reserv'd Humour easily falls in with this design on *Bookwit*, she's certainly smitten with the other, and suspects me to be so too—— What is this dear, this

sudden Intruder Love, that *Victoria's* long and faithful Friendship, *Lovemore's* anxious and constant Passion, both vanish before it in a Moment?—Why are our Hearts so accessible at our Eyes:—My Dear——

*Enter Victoria.*

*Vict.* Dear *Pen.* I ran to you—well, what is't?

*Pen.* Set Chairs, and the *Bohea* Tea, and leave us.  
[*Exit. Lett.*] Dear *Victoria*—you have always been my most intimate Bosom-friend—your wary Carriage and Circumspection have often been a Safety against Errors to me——I must confess it.      [*Filling her Tea.*

*Vict.* But, my Dear, why this Preface to me?——  
To the Matter——

*Pen.* You know all that has pass'd between me and Mr. *Lovemore.*

*Vict.* I have always approv'd him, and do now more than ever—For 'tis not a Mien and Air, that makes that worthy Creature a kind Husband: But—

*Pen.* True, but here was *Old Bookwit* this Morning, with my Father's Authority to talk to me of the Subject of Love.

*Vict.* Nay, Madam, if so, and you can resolve to obey your Father——I contend not for *Lovemore*; for tho' the young Men of this Age are so very vicious, so expensive both of their Health and Fortune——

*Pen.* How zealous she is to put me out of her way! False Creature! [*Aside.*]—But, my dear Friend, you don't take me—your Friendship out-runs my Explanation——'Twas for his Son at *Oxford* he came to me——he is to talk with him before the Door that I may view him——by and by——

*Vict.* Nay, as one must obey their Parents wholly——I think a raw young Man that never saw the Town, is better than an old one that has run through all its Vices—I congratulate your good Fortune——There's a great Estate——and he knows nothing, just come to Town——The Furniture and the Horse Cloths will be all your own Device for the Wedding,

Wedding, and the Horses, when and where you please  
—— He knows no better ——

*Pen.* But one shall be so long teaching a raw Creature a Manner ——

*Vic.* Never let him have one —— 'twill make him like himself, and think of making Advances elsewhere: You'd better have him a Booby —— How could I think of the old Fellow for you —— Look you, *Pen.* old Age has its Infirmities, and 'tis a sad Prospect for an honest young Woman to be sure of being a Nurse, and never of being a Mother ——

*Pen.* Oh! that I had but your Prudence! But, my Dear, I have a Request to make to you, and that is, that you would write him an Assignment this Evening in the Park —— I'll obey the Appointment, and converse with him under that Disguise! for the old People will clap up a Match before I know any thing of the real Man —— And if one don't know one's Husband, how can one manage? that is to say, obey him?

*Vic.* Oh! pray my Dear, do you think I don't understand —— Oh! and there's another thing —— A Scholar makes the best Husband in the World.

*Pen.* Because they are the most knowing ——

*Vic.* No, because they are least knowing —— But I'll go immediately and obey your Commands —— I wish you heartily well, my Dear, in this matter.

[*Kisses her.*]

*Pen.* I thank you, Dearest —— I don't doubt it indeed.

*Vic.* Where are you going now, my Dear —— Oh! fie! this is not like a Friend —— Do I use you so, dear Madam?

*Pen.* Nay, indeed Madam, I must wait on you ——

*Vic.* Indeed you shan't —— indeed you shan't.

[*Pen. follows.*]

*Pen.* Well, Madam, will you promise then to be as free with me? —— Thus does she hope to work me out of my Lover, by being made my Confidant —— But that Baseness has been too fashionable to pass any more

more——I have not trusted her——the cunning Creature——I begin to hate her so——I'll never be a Minute from her. [Exit.

*Enter Old Bookwit, Young Bookwit and Latine.*

O. Book. Well, *Tom*, where have you faunter'd about since I saw you? Is not the Town mightily increas'd since you were in it?

Y. Book. Ay, indeed, I need not have been so impatient to have left *Oxford*; had I stay'd a Year longer they had builded to me.

O. Book. But I don't observe you affected much with the Alterations——Where have you been?

Y. Book. No Faith, the *New Exchange* has taken up all my Curiosity.

O. Book. Oh! but, Son, you must not go to Places to stare at Women. Did you buy any thing?

Y. Book. Some Baubles——But my Choice was so distracted among the pretty Merchants and their Dealers, I knew not where to run first——One little lipping Rogue, Ribbandths, Gloveths, Tippeths——Sir, cries another, will you buy a fine Sword-knot! then a third pretty Voice and Curt'sie——Does not your Lady want Hoods, Scarfs, fine green silk Stockings——I went by as if I had been in a Seraglio, a living Gallery of Beauties——staring from side to side! I bowing, they laughing——so made my escape, and brought your Son and Heir safe to you, through all these Darts and Glances—to which indeed my Breast is not impregnable——But I wonder whence I had this amorous Inclination——

O. Book. Whoever you had it from, Sirrah, 'tis your Business to correct it——by fixing it upon a proper Object——But, *Tom*, you know I am always glad to hear you talk with the Gaiety before me, that you do elsewhere——But I have now something of Consequence (that sudden serious Look was so like me.) [*Aside.*] What I am going to say now, I tell you, is extraordinary——

Y. Book.



*Y. Book.* I could not indeed help some seeming Extravagancies I have been forc'd to——But——

*O. Book.* I do not grudge you your Expences, I was not going to speak on't—for I decay, and so do my Desires, while yours grow still upon you—Therefore what may be spar'd from mine, I heartily give you to supply yours——'Tis but the just order of things——I scorn to hoard what I only now can gaze at, while your Youth and Person want those Entertainments you may become and taste——All your just Pleasures are mine also——In you my Youth and gayer Years methinks I feel repeated.

*Y. Book.* Then what can give you, Sir, Uneasiness?

*O. Book.* Your Affectation of a Soldier's Dress makes me think you bent upon a dangerous, tho' noble Course——That you'll expose a Life, that's dearer to your Father than yourself, to daily Hazards; I therefore have resolved to settle thee, and chosen a young Lady, witty, prudent, rich and fair——

*Y. Book.* Oh, *Victoria!* [*Aside.*] You cannot move too slowly in such a Business.

*O. Book.* Nay, 'tis no sudden thing—Her Father and I have been old Acquaintance, and I was so confident of her Worth, and your Compliance, that I can't with Honour disengage myself.

*Y. Book.* How, Sir! when Honour calls me to the Field, where I may perpetuate your Name by some brave Exploit——

*O. Book.* You may do it much better, *Tom*, at home by a brave Boy—Come, come, it must be so——

*Y. Book.* What shall I do for some Invention?

[*Aside.*]

*O. Book.* Let it be so, dear *Tom*, it must be so.

*Y. Book.* What if it be impossible?

*O. Book.* Impossible! as how?

*Y. Book.* Upon my Knees I beg your Pardon, Sir; I am——

*O. Book.* What!——

*Y. Book.* At *Oxford*——

*O. Book.*

*O. Book.* What art thou at *Oxford*? Rise and tell me.

*Y. Book.* Why I am married there, since you needs must know.

*O. Book.* Married without my Consent!

*Y. Book.* There was a force upon me; you'll easily get all annull'd if you desire it:—It was the crosslest, most unhappy Accident——Yet indeed she is an excellent Creature!

*Lat.* How could he conceal this all this while from me?—But I remember he us'd to be out of the College whole Nights we knew not where. [Aside.

*Penelope and Victoria at the Window.*

*Pen.* The very Man we met this Morning; and I employ my Rival to write to him! how confidently she stares at the Fellow, and observes his Action!

*Vic.* Betty, do you see with what Intent, and with what Fire in her Eyes *Penelope* gazes yonder?—But take you that Letter and give it when the old Gentleman's gone—Goodness!—how concern'd she seems! Well, some Women!—— [Ex. Ladies from above.

*O. Book.* Let that pass, since the Business is irrevocable——What is her Name?

*Y. Book.* *Matilda*, and her Father's *Newton*.

*O. Book.* They're Names I never heard before; but go on.

*Y. Book.* This Lady, Sir, I saw in a publick Assembly; at the first sight she made me hers for ever. From that instant I languish'd——nor had vital Heat out of her presence——The Sun to me shed Influence in vain——He rose and set both unobserv'd, nor was to any living this human Life so much a Dream as me: All this she observ'd, but not untouch'd observ'd. She shew'd a noble Gratitude t'a noble Passion: Favours I soon received, but severely modest ones.

*Lat.* Oh! that's presuppos'd, you to be sure wou'd ne'er desire any other. [Aside.

*Y. Book.* We had contriv'd to meet o' Nights. The sweetest Hours of Love; and there was I

One

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One Evening in her Lodging—'Twas as I remember,  
Yes, 'twas on the second of *December*.

'That's the very Night I was caught——

*Lat.* 'Tis strange, a Fellow of his Wit to be trepan'd into a Marriage—— [Aside.

*Y. Book.* Her Father supp'd abroad that Night, which made us think ourselves secure—— But coming home by Accident sooner than we expected, we heard him at the Door——How did that Noise surprize us! She hid me behind the Bed, then lets him in.

*O. Book.* I tremble for the poor young Lady—— Pray go on——How did she recover herself?

*Y. Book.* She fell into the prettiest artful little Tales to divert him, and hide her Discomposure——which he interrupted by telling her she must be married suddenly to one proposed to him that Evening—— This was to me Daggers.

*O. Book.* But she!

*Y. Book.* She by general Answers in that case manag'd it so well, that he was going down, when instantly my Watch in my Pocket struck ten——He turns him short on his amazed Daughter, asked where she had it——She cry'd her Cousin *Martha* sent it out of the Country to be mended for her——He said he would take care on't; she comes to me, but as I was giving it her, the String was so entangled in the Cock of a Pistol I always had about me on those Occasions, that my haste to disengage it fir'd it off——my Mistress swoons away——The Father ran out, crying out Murder——I thought her dead, fear'd his Return, which he soon did, with two boist'rous Rogues his Sons, and his whole Family of Servants——I wou'd have made my Escape, but they oppos'd me with drawn Swords; I wounded both; but a lusty Wench with a Fire-shovel at one Blow struck down my Sword, and broke it all to pieces——

*O. Book.* But still the poor young Lady!

*Y. Book.* Here was I seiz'd——Mean time *Matilda* wakes from her Trance——beholding me held like a Russian, both her Brothers bleeding——She was returning,

turning to it——What should I do? I saw the hoary Father in the divided Sorrow, for his Sons Lives, and Daughter's Honour, of both which he thought me th' Invader——She with pitying, dying and reproaching Looks beseech'd me——and taught me what I ow'd her constant Love——I yielded, Sir, I own, I yielded to the just Terror of their Family Resentment, and to my Mistress's more dreadful Upbraiding. Thus am I, Sir, the Martyr of an honest Passion——

*O. Book.* That I most blame is, that you conceal'd it from your best Friend——I'll instantly to *Pene-lope's* Father, and make my Apology——He is my Friend——  
[*Exit.*]

*Lat.* This Marriage strangely surpriz'd me——

*Y. Book.* Why, did you believe it too, as well as the old Gentleman? why then I did it excellently——  
Ha! ha! ha!

*Lat.* What, the Watch!——The Pistol! Lady swooning, her pitying, upbraiding Look? all Chimæra!

*Y. Book.* Nothing but downright Wit, to keep myself safe for *Victoria*.

*Lat.* May I desire one Favour?

*Y. Book.* What can I deny thee, my Privado?

*Lat.* Only that you'd give me some little secret hint——when next you L—are going to be witty——But to jumble Particulars so readily! 'tis impossible you cou'd, I believe, at the beginning of your Tale know the ending——Yet——

*Y. Book.* These are Gifts, Child, mere Gifts; 'tis not to be learnt——the skill of Lying——Except Humour, Wit, Invention, Presence of Mind, Retention, Memory, Circumspection, &c.——were to be attained by Industry——You must not hum, nor haw, nor blush for't——

*Lat.* Who have we got here?

*Betty Entering.*

*Bet.* May I be so bold as to crave the Liberty to ask your Name?

*Y. Book.*



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*Y. Book.* My bright Hand-maid, my little *she Gany-medi*——Thou charming *Hebe*——You may ask me my Name——for I won't tell it you——till you do——because I'd have the more words with you——

*Bet.* Are not you Mr. *Bookwit*?

*Y. Book.* The very same, my Dear.

*Bet.* There then——He's a mighty pretty Man.

[Exit Betty.]

*Y. Book.* reading. You may wonder——Your Person, and Character——this Evening near Rosamond's Pond, on the other side the Park.

Oh the happiness! What is become of the Girl?——

Oh! *Latine! Latine!* ask me fifty Questions all at once! What ails me? Why this Joy?——Who is this from?——Oh I could die methinks this moment, lest there should be in Fate some future Ill to dash my present joy——Why *Jack*, why dost not ask me what's the matter?

*Lat.* If you'd but give me Leave——

*Y. Book.* No, do not speak——Let me talk all, I fain wou'd celebrate my Fair one's Praise, her every Beauty! But the Mind's too full to utter any thing that is articulate, and will give way to nothing but mere Names and Interjections——Oh!——*Victoria!*——*Victoria!*——*Victoria!*——Oh my *Victoria!*——Read there.

*Lat.* Well, I own this subscrib'd *Victoria*——But still I am afraid of Mistakes.

*Y. Book.* No——Kneel down and ask Forgiveness——You don't believe that she that wou'd not speak to me wou'd write——But after all Raptures and Ecstasies——pr'ythee step after the Maid, learn what you can of her Fortune, and so forth——Get Interest to be admitted another time.

[Exit Lat.]

Enter Frederick.

*Fred.* Sir, your Servant.

*Y. Book.* Yours, Sir, have you Business with me?

*Fred.* This Paper speaks it.

*Y. Book.* reading. Of a Friend you've made me your mortal Enemy——With your Sword I expect Satisfaction to-morrow Morning at six in Hyde-Park. Lovemore.

Do

44     *The LYING LOVER: or,*

Do you know the Contents of this Letter?

*Fred.* Yes, Sir, it is a Challenge from *Lovemore*.

*Y. Book.* Are you to be his Second?

*Fred.* I offer'd it, but he will meet you single.

*Y. Book.* The fewer the better Cheer.

*Fred.* You're very pleasant, Sir.

*Y. Book.* My good Humour was ever Challenge-Proof—I will be very punctual. [*Exit Fred.*] I fall into Business very fast—There, thou dear Letter of Love—Be there, thou of Hatred—There—Men of Business must sort their Papers—I fear he saw me put up two Letters.

*Enter Latine.*

Oh, *Jack*, more Adventures; another Lady has writ.

*Lat.* Let's see it.

*Y. Book.* No, always tender of Rep.—she is of Quality—A Gentleman Usher came with it—I can't believe there's any thing in that old whim of being wrapt in one's Mother's Smock to be thus lucky—I suppose I was used like other Children—They clapp'd me on a Skull-cap—swath'd me hard, play'd me in Arms, and shew'd me *London*—But howe'er it comes about, I have strange Luck with the Women.

*Lat.* But let us see this Letter.

*Y. Book.* reading. No, no—*A Woman of Condition to go so far—But indeed your Passion—your Wit—My Page, at the back Stairs—Secrecy and your Veracity—*

*Lat.* There her Ladyship nick'd it—Pox, I'll be as humorous and frolick as you—you pert Fellows are the only successful—

*Y. Book.* Well said, Lad—and as Mr. *Bays* says, now the Plot thickens upon us, we'll spend our time as gaily as the best of 'em—and all of it in Love—

*For since through all the Race of Men we find*

*Each to some darling Passion is inclin'd,*

*Let Love be still the Bias of my Mind.* [*Exeunt.*]

ACT



ACT III. SCENE I.

*Enter Victoria and Betty.*

*Viā.* **T**HIS was indeed, *Betty*, a very diverting Accident, that I should be employ'd to write to her Lover——now I can't but think how angry my Cousin *Pen* is——she frēts, I warrant, at her very Looking-glass, which us'd to be her Comforter upon all Occasions. Ha! ha! ha!

*Bet.* I would not be in poor Mrs. *Lettice's* place for all the World——Nothing to be sure can please to-day; did you mind how she nestled and fum'd inwardly to see your Ladyship look so well?——Nay indeed, Madam, you were in high Beauty——

*Viā.* Yet I must confess I was myself a little discompos'd——I was ashamed for my Friend——and then to see her shew such a regard for a Fellow——

*Bet.* But I swear, were I to have my Will, you should be always angry at me——It gives your Ladyship such a pretty fierceness, and quick spirit to your Features—not that you want it—yet it adds——

*Viā.* There are some People very unhappily pretend to Fire and Life; there's poor stupid insipid Lady *Fad*, has heard of the word Spleen, and Distaste, and sets up for being out of Humour, with that unmeaning Face of hers.

*Bet.* You're in a fine Humour, Madam——

*Viā.* Her Ladyship's Physician prescrib'd Anger to her——upon which she comes in publick with her Eyes staringly open——this she designs for Vivacity, and gapes about like a wandering Country Lady——She pretends to be a Remarker, and looks at every body——But alas! she wants it here——and knows not that to see, is no more to look, than  
to

to go, is to walk—— For you must know, *Betty*, Every Child can see——but 'tis an observing Creature that can look——as every pretty Girl can go, but 'tis a fine Woman that walks.

*Both.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Vic.* But by the way, there's Mrs. *Penelope*, methinks, does neither; I have a Kindness for her, but she has no Gesture in the least——My Dear——

*Enter Penelope.*

*Pen.* Well, my Dear——

*Bet.* How civilly People of Quality hate one another. [*Aside.*

*Pen.* Well, my Dear, were not you strangely surpriz'd to see that this young *Bookwit* should be the Soldier we met this Morning?

*Vic.* The confident lying Creature? Indeed I wonder'd you'd suffer him to entertain you so long.

*Pen.* You must know, Madam, he's married too at *Oxford*.

*Vic.* The ugly Wretch! I think him downright disagreeable——But perhaps this is a fetch of hers; he had no married Look. [*Aside.*

*Pen.* Yet I am resolv'd to go to your Affignation, if it be but to confront the Coxcomb, and laugh at his Lye——Such Fellows shou'd be made to know themselves, and that they're understood.

*Vic.* I'll wait upon you, my Dear——She's very prettily dres'd. [*Aside.*] But indeed, my Dear, you shan't go with your Hood so——It makes you look abominably, with your Head so forward——There——[*Displacing her Head.*] That's something——You had before a fearful, silly blushing Look——Now you command all Hearts——

*Pen.* Thank you, my Dear——

*Vic.* Your Servant, Dearest——

*Pen.* But alas, Madam, who patch'd you to-day?—Let me see——It is the hardest thing in Dress——I may say without Vanity—I know a little of it——

That



That so low on the Cheek pulps the Flesh too much—  
Hold still, my Dear, I'll place it just by your Eye—  
Now she downright squints. [Aside.]

Vi<sup>a</sup>. There's nothing like a sincere Friend——for  
one is not a judge of one's self——I have a Patch-box  
about me. Hold, my Dear, that gives you a sedate  
Air, that large one near your Temples——

Pen. People, perhaps don't mind these things——  
But if it be true, as the Poet finely sings, *That all the  
Passions in the Features are*, we may shew, or hide  
'em, as we know how to affix these pretty artificial  
Moles——

Vi<sup>a</sup>. And so catch Lovers, and puzzle Physio-  
gnomy.

Pen. 'Tis true; then pray, my Dear, let me put  
a little Disdain in your Face——For we'll plague  
this Fop——There——that on your Forehead  
does it.

Vi<sup>a</sup>. Hold, my Dear, I'll give Indifference for him,  
a Patch just at the Point of your Lip exactly shews it—  
And that you're dumb to all Applications.

Pen. You wish I wou'd be. [Aside.]

Vi<sup>a</sup>. There, my Dear.

Pen. But, dear Madam, your Hair is not half pow-  
der'd—Betty, bring the Powder-box to your Lady—  
It gives one a clean Look (though your Complexion  
does not want it) to enliven it.

Vi<sup>a</sup>. Oh! fie, this from you! but I know you  
won't flatter me, you're too much my Friend.

Pen. Now, Madam, you shall see—[Powders ber.  
Now she looks like a Spright. [Aside.]

Vi<sup>a</sup>. Thank you, my Dear, we'll take an Hack—  
Our Maids shall go with us——Come, dear Friend.

[Ex. Arm in Arm.]

Bet. Pray, Madam Lettice, be pleas'd to go on.

Lett. Indeed, Madam Betty, I must beg your Par-  
don.

Bet. I am at home, dear Madam Lettice——

Lett. Well, Madam, this unkind——I don't  
use you with this Ceremony—— [Exeunt.]

Enter

Enter Young Bookwit and Latine, after a flourish.

Y. Book. *Victoria! Victoria! Victoria!*

Lat. Make way, make way——By your Leave——  
Stand by——*Victoria!*

*Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida Sylvas.*

Y. Book. Well said, Jack——Let me see any of your Sparks besides myself, keep such an Equipage! I don't question but in a little time I shall be a finer Fop than the Town has yet seen——All my Lacqueys shall be Linguists as thou art——While thus I ride immortal Steeds——How my Horses stare at me!——They see I am a very new sort of Beau——

Lat. This is rare——The having this Noise of Musick——But won't it be reckon'd a Disturbance——

Y. Book. No, no, it is an usual Gallantry here——But the Vocal is an Elegance hardly known before me here——who am the Founder of accomplish'd Fools——of which I'll institute an Order——All Coxcombs of Learning and Parts shall after me be call'd *Bookwits*——A Sect will soon be more numerous, and in more Credit than your Aristotelians, Platonists and Academicks——

Lat. Sir, 'twill be extraordinary, and you are really a wise Person——You put your Theory of Philosophy into Practice——'Tis not with you a dead Letter——

Y. Book. Oh! Sir, no: The Design of Learning is for the use of Life——Therefore I'll settle a Family very suddenly, and shew my Literature in Oeconomy——

Lat. As how, pray?

Y. Book. I'll have four Peripatetick Footmen, two Followers of *Aristippus* for *Valets de Chambre*, and an Epicurean Cook——with an Hermetical Chymist (who are good only at making Fires) for my Skullion, and then I think all is dispos'd——But methinks this Fair-One takes state upon her——But I am none of your Languishers——I am not known in Town, and if I misbehave, 'tis but being sent back again to my small  
Beer,

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Beer, and three half-penny Commons——and I, like many another Beau, only blaz'd and vanish'd——

*Lat.* But you know I love Musick immoderately——How do you dispose your Entertainment? let 'em begin——

*Y. Book.* Well, give me but leave——The Fiddles will certainly attract the Ladies, I mean the Nymphs who have Grotto's round this enchanted Forest——In the first Place, you Intelligences that move this Vehicle——How the Fellows stare!

*Chair.* Good your Honour, speak to us in *English*——

*Y. Book.* Why then you Chairmen——where-ever I move, you are to follow me——For I mean to strut, shine through the Dusk of the Evening, and look as like a lazy Town-Fool, as I can, to charm 'em——

*Lat.* Well, but the Musick——

*Y. Book.* But remember, ye Sons of *Phœbus*, Brethren of the String, and Lyre; that is to say, ye Fiddlers,——Let me have a Flourish as I now direct——When I lift up my Cane, let it be Martial——If I but throw myself just forward on it, or but raise it smoothly——Sigh all for Love, to shew, as I think fit——That I would die, or fight for her you see me bow to——Well then strike up——

SONG, by Mr. *Leveridge.*

I.

**V**ENUS has left her *Græcian Isles*,  
With all her gaudy Train  
Of little Loves, soft Cares and Smiles,  
In my larger Breast to reign.

II.

*Ye tender Herds and list'ning Deer,*  
*Forget your Food, forget your Fear,*  
*The bright Victoria will be here.*

C

III.

## III.

*The Savages about me throng,  
Mow'd with the Passion of my Song,  
And think Victoria stays too long.*

*Y. Book.* There's for you *Jack*; is not that like a fine Gentleman that writes for his own Diversion?

*Lat.* And nobody's else.

*Y. Book.* Now I warrant one of your common Sparks would have stamp'd, fretted and cry'd, What the Devil fool'd! jilted! abus'd! while I in Metre, to shew you how well nothing at all may be made to run——

*The Savages about me throng,  
Mow'd with the Passion of my Song,  
And think Victoria stays too long.*

*Lat.* I begin to be one of those Savages.

*Enter Victoria, Penelope, Lettice and Betty.*

*Viā.* We had better have staid where we were, and listned to that charming Echo, than have come in Search of that Lyar.

*Lat.* Do you see yonder?

*Y. Book.* [*Gives the Sign and sings himself.*] Thus, Madam, have I spent my Time almost ever since I saw you, repeated your Name to the Woods, the Dales, and echoing Groves——

*Pen.* Pr'ythee observe him—Now he begins——

*Y. Book.* I had not time to carve your Name on every Tree, but that's a melancholy Employment, not for those Lovers that are favour'd with Affignation——

*Viā.* Pr'ythee, Cousin, do you talk to him in my Name——I'll be silent till I see farther——

*Pen.* The Spring is now so forward, that it must indeed be attributed to your Passion that you are not in the Field——

*Y. Book.*



*Y. Book.* You do me Justice, Madam, in that Thought, for I am strangely pester'd to be there—— Well, the *French* are the most industrious People in the World——I had a Letter from one of their Generals, that shall be nameless (it came over by the way of *Holland*) with an Offer of very great Terms, if I would but barely send my Opinion in the Use of Pikes—— about which he tells me their Prince and Generals have lately held a grand Court Martial——

*Both.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Lat.* These cunning things keep still together to puzzle us——I'll alarm him——Sir, one Word——

*Viſt.* Come, come, we'll have no whispering, no Messages at present——some other Ladies have sent, but they shan't have you from us——

*Both.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Y. Book.* I hold myself oblig'd to be of the same Humour Ladies are in——Ha! ha! ha!——Now pray do me the favour to tell me what I laugh'd at.

*Pen.* Why you must know——Your talking of the *French* and War, put us in mind of a young Coxcomb that came last Night from *Oxford*, calls himself Soldier, treats Ladies, fights Battles, raises Jealousies with downright Lyes of his own inventing; ha! ha! ha!

*Y. Book.* That must be an impudent young Rascal certainly! ha! ha! ha!

*Viſt.* Nay, this is beyond Comparison——

*Y. Book.* I can't conceive how one of those sneaking Academicks could personate such a Character: for we bred in Camps, have a Behaviour that shews we are us'd to act before Crouds——

*Pen.* 'Tis certainly so——Nay, he has been confronted with it, as plainly as I speak to you, and yet not blush'd for it, but carry'd it as if he knew not the Man——

*Y. Book.* That may be——'tis want of knowing themselves, makes those Coxcombs so confident.

*Pen.* The Faithless! Shameless! Well then, to see if possible such a one may be brought to that Sense, I tell you, this worthy Hero two Days ago was in

Hanging-sleeves at *Oxford*, and is call'd Mr. *Bookwit*.  
Ha! ha!

*Y. Book.* Well, was it not well enough carry'd?—  
Poo, I knew you well enough, and you knew me,  
before you writ to me for Mr. *Bookwit*'s Son——But  
I fell into that way of talking purely to divert you—  
I knew you a Woman of Wit and Spirit——and that  
acting that part would at least shew I had Fire in me,  
and wish'd myself what I would be half an Age to serve  
and please you——Suffer in Camps all the Vicissitudes  
of burning Heats and sharp afflicting Colds——

*Vic.* Look you, Sir, I shall tell Mrs. *Matilda*  
*Newton*, your Spouse at *Oxford*, what you are saying  
to another Lady——

*Pen.* Pr'ythee Cousin, never give yourself the  
Trouble to meddle in such a Work——one hardly  
knows how to speak it to a Gentleman, but don't  
touch the Affair of so impudent a Lyar——

*Y. Book.* Ha! ha! ha!——Why, Madam, have  
they told you of the Marriage too?——Well, I was  
hard put to it there——I had like to have been  
gravell'd, Faith——you were more beholden to me  
for that, than any thing——Had it not been for that,  
they had marry'd me to Mrs. *Penelope*, old *Getwel*'s  
Grand-daughter; the great Fortune——But I refus'd  
her for you——who are a greater—— [*Aside.*]

*Lat.* Sir, Sir, pray one Word——

*Pen.* and *Vic.* Stand off, Sirrah.

*Vic.* You shan't come near him, none of your  
dumb Signs.

*Pen.* Then you have refus'd *Penelope*, tho' a greater  
Fortune——what could you dislike in her?

*Y. Book.* The whole Woman——Her Person, nor  
Carriage please me——She is one of those Women  
of Condition, who do and say what they please with  
an assur'd Air, and think that's enough, only to be  
call'd fine Mistress such a one's manner——

*Pen.* This is not to be endur'd——I do assure you,  
Sir, Mrs. *Penelope* has refus'd your Betters.

*Y. Book.*

*Y. Book.* I don't much value my Betters in her Judgment—But am sorry to see you concern'd for her. When I have been at Church, where I first saw you—I've seen the gay giddy thing in a Gallery watching Eyes to make Curt'sies—She is indeed a very Ceremonious Church-Woman, and never is guilty of a Sin of Omission to any Lady of Quality, within Eye-shot—In short, I don't like the Woman, and wou'd go to *Tunis* or *Aleppo* for a Wife, before I'd take her—

*Viçt.* I cannot bear this of my Friend: if you go on, Sir, at this rate, *Tunis* or *Aleppo* are the properest Places for you to shew your Gallantry in—'twill never be received by any here—I hope she believes me. *[Aside.]*

*Pen.* The Lady's in the Right on't—who can confide in a known common Impostor?

*Y. Book.* Ah Madam! how can you use a Man that loves you so unjustly?—But call me what you will, Lyar, Cheat, Impostor—do but add, your Servant, and I am satisfy'd—I have indeed, Madam, ran through many Shifts in hopes to gain you—and cou'd be contented to run through all the Shapes in *Ovid's Metamorphosis*, cou'd I but return to this on my bended Knees, of my Fair-One's Humble Servant.

*Viçt.* Pr'ythee let us leave him—as you told me, I wonder you can suffer him to entertain you so long—Leave him, let him kneel to the Trees, and call to the Woods—if he will—Oh, I could brain him—how ugly he looks kneeling to her? *[Aside.]*

*Pen.* No, I'll stay to plague him more—But what Opinion can I have of this sudden Passion—You hardly know me, I believe, or my Circumstances?

*Y. Book.* No, no, not I—I don't know you—your Mother was not Alderman *Sterling's* Daughter—Your Father Mr. *Philips* of *Grays-Inn*, who had an Estate and never practis'd? you had not a Brother kill'd at *Landen*? your Sister *Digna* is not dead? nor you are not Co-heiress with Miss *Molly*,—no, Madam, I don't know you, no, nor love you.

*Pen.* I wish I had taken her Advice in going —  
He means her all this while — Pshaw this is down-  
right fooling. Let's go, my Dear, leave him to the  
Woods as you say. I wish 'twas full of Bears. [*Aside.*

*Vis.* No — Now I'll stay to plague him.

*Pen.* No, you shan't stay — Sir, we have given  
ourselves the Diversion to see you, and confront you  
in your Falshoods; in which you have intangled  
yourself to that Degree, you know not even the  
Woman you pretend to; and therefore, Sir, I so far  
despise you, that if you should come after me with  
your Fiddles — I'll have a Porter — Ready to  
let you in. [*Aside.*

*Vis.* I don't know how to threaten a Gentleman in  
that manner: but I'm sure I shall never entertain any  
Man that has disoblig'd my Friend, while my Name's  
*Victoria.* *Exeunt Arm in Arm.*

*Lat.* Master — methinks these Ladies don't under-  
stand Wit — They were very rough with you.

*Y. Book.* Ay, they were somewhat dull —  
But really *Victoria* discover'd herself at her going, me-  
thinks agreeably enough —

*Lat.* I believe they are irrecoverably lost — Pox  
on't, when I gave you so many Signs too —

*Y. Book.* Well, hang thinking — Let's to the  
Tavern, and in every Glass name a new Beauty; 'till  
I either forget, or am inspir'd with some new Project  
to attain her.

*While in a lovely Bowl I drown my Care,  
She'll cease to be, or I to think her, fair.* [*Exeunt.*







ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Covent-Garden.*

*Enter Young Bookwit and Latine.*

*Y. Book.* **T**HIS Roebuck has almost done my Business—*Rigby's* an honest Fellow, and wou'd not poison us. The Wine had Good-Humour, Mirth, and Joy in't——My Blood beats high and frolick? What says my dear Lacquey? ha!

*Lat.* Why, Sir, I say, Sir, that I am in so noble so exalted a Condition, that I almost forget I am your Honour's Footman——

*Y. Book.* Do but your Business well to-night——

*Lat.* Who says the Tongue flutters, Legs falter, and Eyes fail with Drink——'Tis false, my dear Master, my Tongue runs faster than ever——my Legs so brisk and nimble, that I can't stand still; and my Eyes are better than ever they were, for I see every thing double——But the Letter, the Letter, I warrant I give it her.

*Y. Book.* Here, here, *Jack*, take it.

*Lat.* Let's come nearer the Lamp——This is the foul Copy of it that 'tis wrap'd in——Let me judge——Now I'll be sedate——Let me read it again.

*Y. Book.* But you look curfedly fluster'd——They'll say you're drunk——Let's see, I must comb your Wig a little.

*Lat.* I shall be kick'd for this Letter here about the middle——You should not talk of Joys so soon——You should write miserable a Fortnight, or three Weeks longer——I shall be kick'd.

*Y. Book.* What then? what then? A Man of your Philosophy must needs remember—the Body's but the meer Organ of the Mind—Kicks come under the Topick of things without—What shall I do for Powder for this smart Bob. [*Combs out his own Wig into Lat.*

*Lat.* 'Tis no matter, Sir, Powder comes under the Notion of things without.

*Y. Book.* Oh! but Ladies are no Philosophers; but as to being drubb'd (these Stockings too) you must fix your Imagination upon some other Object, and you may by force of Thought suspend your Feeling—The Body is but the Instrument of the Mind—and you may command an Instrument.

*Lat.* No, Sir, I'll have you to know, I'll save my Carcase by mere dint of Eloquence. You have no other Orders?

*Y. Book.* No: but may Persuasion, Grace and Elocution hang on thy Lips——But if you can come in to *Victoria*, she and the Wine you've drank will inspire you. Farewel. [*Exit.*

*Lat.* This is the enchanted Castle which the Lady Fair-inhabits. Ha! Mr. *Simon*, Sir, I am your most humble Servant——My dear Friend——

*Enter Simon.*

*Sim.* Your Servant, good Sir, my Lady is with Madam *Victoria* at Cards—She'll lie here to-night—But all's ruin'd——They are both huge angry with your Master. But *Lettice* having taken a Fancy to you, Mr. *John*, spoke up rarely, that she did indeed.

*Lat.* Can't one come to the Speech of her?

*Sim.* I was order'd to have a strict Eye to the Door, and let nobody in whatever——I don't care for going up, because she'll see I have made a Cap of one of the finest Napkins, for which she'll make a plaguy Noise.

*Lat.* Nay, nay, you are exactly of my mind, I love to avoid Anger.

*Sim.* You are a little disguis'd in Drink tho', Mr. *John*——But I han't seen you, not I——Go strait up——Mrs. *Lettice* is in the Anti Chamber.

*Lat.*

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*Lat.* I thank you, dear Friend. My Father bids me upon these Occasions—— [Gives him Money.

*Sim.* I beg your pardon, good Mr. *John*.

*Lat.* Look you, I am a Servant as well as you, what do you mean, Mr. *Simon*! Come, come, Time's precious — When your Lady's marry'd all these Vales will end—

*Sim.* Nay, I said behind your Back, Mr. *John*, that you were very well spoken——Well, put up briskly. I'll stand your Friend as much as one Servant can to another, against all Masters and Mistresses whatever.

*Lat.* Thanks, good Mr. *Simon*. [Exeunt.

SCENE opens and discovers Lettice reading by a small Candle, two large ones by her unlighted.

*Lett.* 'Tis a most sad thing, one dares not light a large Candle, except Company's coming in——and I scarce can see to read this piteous Story——Well, in all these Distresses and Misfortunes, the faithful Argalus was renown'd all over the Plains of Arca—Arca—Arcadia—for his loyal and true Affection to his charming Paramour, Parthenia——Blessings on his Heart for it——there are no such Suitors now-a-days—— [Weeping. But I hope they'll come together again at the end of the Book——and marry, and have several Children—— Oh! Bless me! A Man here! [Turns over the Leaves. The Gentleman's pretty Man—— [Aside.

Enter Latine.

I wonder by what means, with what Impudence, you could offer to come up Stairs, at this time o'th' Night——and my Lady in the next Room—I protest I'll cry out. [In a low Voice all.

*Lat.* Dear Mrs. Lettice, my Love to you—— [Aloud.

*Lett.* Hift—hift! I am methinks, however, loth to discover you, because Servants must do as they're bid——for I know it was not to see me——but some Message from your Master you came about.

*Lat.* I offer'd to bring a Letter from him, in hopes to see you, my Dearest. I'll not give it at all, I don't care my Dearest. [Kisses her Hand.

*Lett.* Pho! pho! now you are rude, because you know one dare not discover you——You do what you will. How he kisses one's Hand——I warrant he has kiss'd his betters——Pray, did you never live in a Lady's Service?

*Lat.* No, nor do I value any of the Sex but your dear self, Mrs. *Lettice*——I wou'd be discover'd. [*Aside.* I'm in a Rapture! in a Flame!

*Pen. Within.* Who's there. [*Voice within.*

*Lett.* Hift! hift! cou'd not you have forc'd a Kiss quietly——Madam——Madam——Hold me fast——Shew the Letter, my Lady's coming——I tell you, Sir, she will receive no Message at all——Get you down Stairs, you impudent! Hold me faster yet, she loves your Master. [*Softly aside to Latine.*

*Enter Penelope and Victoria.*

*Pen.* What can this mean?——What Fellow's that has seiz'd the Wench?

*Lett.* Madam, Madam, here's Mr. *Bookwit*'s Footman drunk, and has directly stole up Stairs with some ill Design, I fear on me——But has a Letter from his Master to your Ladyship.

*Pen.* Call up the Servants; *Simon, William, Kate, Alse*; I'll have the Rascal well basted for his Insolence——Serv'd just as his Master deserves.

*Lat. Kneeling.* Let not those Lips, more sweet than Labour of *Hyblean* Bees, utter a Sentence, as if a *Libyan* Lioness on a Mountain gave thee suck, and thou wert the obdurate Offspring of a Rock.

*Vic.* *Hyblean! Libyan?* Obdurate! Ridiculous——The Fellow has got his Master's Cant! ha! ha! ha!

*Pen.* I'll put him out of it, I'll warrant you——What, will no one come up there?

*Enter Servants with Brooms, &c.*

*Lat.* Oh! for the force of Eloquence to allay and reconcile the Passion of this angry Mansion——I had like to have said plain House, which had been against



against the Laws of Buskin, in which I wou'd at present talk.

*Pen.* Did you ever hear any thing like this? Ha! ha!

*Maid.* Madam, shall I beat him?

*Lat.* Ah culinary Fair, compose thy Rage; thou whose more skilful Hand is still employ'd in Offices for the Support of Nature, descend not from thyself, thou bright Cook-maid—There I sunk again! with heightned Gusts and quickning Tastes, by you what wou'd be Labour else is made Delight. Thou great Robust, let not thy Hand all red assault a Life it rather should preserve.

*Maid.* Good Madam, excuse me, I can't touch him.

—I have Bowels for him. [Weeping.

*Sim.* I wish I had his Learning, I'll warrant he buys in every thing where-ever he lives.

*Lat.* This, Madam, this faithful Paper tells you the Passions of the tenderest Heart that ever bled for cruel Maid—Oh *Victoria*! Did you but hear his Sighs, his restless Hours!—how often he repeats *Victoria*!

*Lett.* *Victoria*! Then I find this is none on't meant to my Lady—Nor to me neither—the Master and Man are both Rogues. [Aside.

*Pen.* Receive your seasonable Epistle now at Midnight!

*Vis.* He can't mean me—To you he all along address'd—Wou'd I cou'd read it without her. [Aside.

*Pen.* To shew you I value neither Author nor Bearer of it—Kick the Fellow down.

*Lat.* Nay, Madam, since Matters must come to Extremities, I'd rather have the Honour of your Ladyship's Command, to be cudgell'd by your good Family, than have it from my Master—A disappointed Lover in his Rage will strike Stone-walls, and things inanimate, much more a poor live Footman. Therefore I must deliver my Message—I'll read it to you Ladies, for I see you are Friends.

*Pen.* Away with him.

*Lat.* If the Sincerity of my Intentions were not—

*Lett.* Get out, false Wretch.

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*Lat. Demonstrable, in spite of——*

*Maid. Take that——*

*Lat. These Accidents, in which I have been involv'd, I should not dare to tell you how alternately Joys, Raptures, Ecstacies, Miseries, Doubts, and Anxieties do attack a Breast devoted to you.*

*Whither shall injur'd Virtue fly for shelter,*

*When Love and Honour suffer thus in me !*

*Oh ! could I rage, call Elements about me, spout Cataracts——*

*Must I be drubb'd with Broom-staves ?*      [*Exit Lat.*

*Pen. Come in, my Dear, again——The Night is cold.*      [*Excunt.*

*Enter Lovemore and Frederick.*

*Love. It is so pleasant a Night, that I will see you over the Garden to your Lodgings——*

*Fred. That Compliment won't pass upon me——Your Reason for sauntering this way is that 'tis near Penelope's.*

*Love. I come for her sake ! No ; shou'd she write, beseech, kneel to me, I think I ne'er should value her more. No, I'll be no longer her Tool, her Jest ; she shall not dally with a Passion she deserves not——*

*Fred. 'Twere very well, were this Resolution in your power ; but believe me, Friend, one Smile, one Glance that were but doubtful, whether favourable, wou'd conquer all your Indignation.*

*Love. Faith, I'm afraid what you said is true.*

*Fred. Then strive not to be rationally mad, which you attempt, if you think you can at once be at your own Command and at another's——Wou'd you be Master of yourself, and have a Mistress ?*

*Love. But I can rebel against that Mistress.*

*Fred. Do if you can——Nay, I'm sure 'tis in your power, because to-morrow Morning you are to fight a Rival for her——because tho' you know she lies backwards, and you can't so much as see her Chamber-Window, you must needs walk hither——Well, I protest*

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test I'm of your mind ; there is methinks now a particular amiable Gloom about that House—Tho' perhaps to ordinary Beholders it is exactly like the others.

*Love.* You are very witty, I must confess, at your Friend's Follies, Mr. *Frederick*.

*Fred.* I won't then any longer disturb your Meditation, but e'en go home like a dull Rogue as I am, and without Love enough to any Woman, or Hatred enough to any Man to keep me awake——fall fast asleep——I was going to wish you Rest, but you are above all that——If it should rain, I'd advise you not to forget it does—but go into the *Piazza*. [*Exit.*

*Love.* 'Tis very well, I'm deservedly laugh'd at—But the Door opens——*Bookwit's* Footman! [*Latine crosses the Stage*] the Master I suppose is there too: I'll watch for his coming out——The Morning approaches too slowly——He shall not sleep to-night except it be for ever——Oh Revenge! Oh Jealousy!

*Enter Young Bookwit, with Bottle and Glass, singing.*

Y. Book. *Since the Day of poor Man,  
That little little Span,  
Tho' long it can't last,  
For the Future and Past  
Is spent with Remorse and Despair:*

*With such a full Glass  
Let that of Life pass,  
'Tis made up of Trouble,  
A Storm tho' a Bubble,  
There's no Bliss but forgetting your Care.*

I wonder what's become of poor *Latine*, I wish he had a Bumper of this—— [*Drinks.*

*Love.* I have no Patience to observe his insolent Jollity ; how immoderately joyful my Misery has made him! *Bookwit!*

*Y. Book.* *Love more?*

*Love.*

*Love.* What, Sir! are you diverting the thoughts of to-morrow Morning's Business with Midnight Riot? Or is it an Affignation keeps you out of Bed thus late?

*Y. Book.* An Hour or two till Morning is not much in either of our Lives——Therefore I must tell you now, Sir, I am ready for your Message.

*Love.* That conscious Light and Stars are Witnesses of——

*Y. Book.* I want no Witnesses——I have a Sword, as you bid me meet you. *[They draw and fight.]*

*Love.* You've done my Business. *[Falls.]*

*Y. Book.* Then I've done what you desir'd me. But this is no place for me. *[Exit.]*

*Enter Constable and Watchmen.*

*Const.* Where, where was this clashing of Swords? so-ho! so-ho! you Sir, what are you dead, speak Friend, what are you afraid of? If you are dead, the Law can't take hold of you.

*Watch.* I beg your pardon, Mr. Constable, he ought by the Law to be carried to the Round-house for being dead at this time of Night.

*Const.* Then away with him you three—— And you, Gentlemen, follow me, to find out who kill'd him. *[Exeunt.]*

*Enter Simon.*

*Simon.* What's the matter, good Gentlemen, what's the matter! Oh me!——Mr. Lovemore kill'd—— Oh me! My Mind gives me that it must be about our young Lady.

*Watch.* Does it so, Sir, then you must stay with us.

*[Some hold Simon, whilst others carry Lovemore off.]*

*Sim.* I stay with you! Oh gemini! Indeed I can't.

——They can't be without me at our House.

*Watch.* But they must, Friend——Hark'e Friend,

——I hope you'll be hang'd. *[Whispers him.]*

*Sim.* I hang'd! pray, Sir, take care of your Words, Madam Penelope's, our young Lady's, Servant hang'd! take care what you say.

*Enter*



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*Enter Latine.*

*Lat.* Whither can this *Bookwit* be gone?

*Sim.* Oh! Mr. *John*, Mr. *Lovemore* is kill'd just now, since you went out of our House; and you and your Master must have an hand in't.

*Lat.* How! *Lovemore* kill'd! [*They seize Latine.*

*Enter others with Young Bookwit.*

*Y. Book.* Hands off, dirty Midnight Rascals——

Let me go, or——

*Const.* Sir, what were you running so fast for—— There's a Man kill'd in the Garden, and yo're a fine Gentleman, and it must be you——for good honest People only beat one another——

*Lat.* Nay, nay, we are all in a fair way to be fine Gentlemen, Mr. *Simon* and all——

*Const.* Hands off, Rascals, you said just now——do you know what a Constable is?

*Y. Book.* The greatest Man in the Parish when all the rest are asleep.

*Const.* Come, come——I find they are desperate Fellows, we'll to the Justice, and commit 'em immediately. I'll teach Rascals to speak High-Treason against a petty Constable—— [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Frederick, and Old Bookwit.*

*O. Book.* You well may be surpriz'd at my waiting here for your coming home——But you'll pardon me, since it is to ease me of an Anxiety that keeps me waking.

*Fred.* I shall be very glad if I am capable of doing that.

*O. Book.* You knew my *Tom* at *Oxford*——and I believe were not so hard a Student, but you made some Acquaintance in the Town——Therefore pray tell me——do you know Mr. *Newtown* there?——his Family, Descent and Fortune?

*Fred.* What *Newtown*?

*O. Book.*

*O. Book.* I'll tell you, Sir, what you young Fellows take most notice of old ones for——a Token that you needs must know him by——He's the Father of the fair *Matilda*, your celebrated Beauty of that Town.

*Fred.* I assure you, Sir, I never heard of the Father or Daughter, 'till this Instant——therefore I'm confident there's no such Beauty——

*O. Book.* Oh Sir, I know your drift——you're tender of informing me for my Son's sake!——He told me all himself——I know all the Progress of his Love with the young Lady——How he was taken in the Night in her Bed-Chamber by his Pistol going off——the Family Disturbance that was rais'd upon't, which he compos'd by marrying—I know it all——

*Fred.* Is *Tom Bookwit* then marry'd at *Oxford*?

*O. Book.* He is indeed, Sir, therefore our Affairs are now so link'd that 'twill be an ill Office both to the *Newtowns*, and to us, to conceal any thing from me, that relates to them.

*Fred.* A Man can't be said to conceal what he does not know——But it seems, it was *Mr. Bookwit* gave you this Account himself——

*O. Book.* Yes, Sir; I told you, Sir, I had it from himself——

*Fred.* Then I'm sure there was nothing left out, he never tells a Story by halves——

*O. Book.* Why then you think my Son's a Lyar.

*Fred.* Oh, fie, Sir, but he enlivens a mere Narration with variety of Accidents——to be plain, his Discourse gains him more Applause than Credit——You could not, I believe, have married your Son to a less expensive Lady in *England*, than this *Mrs. Matilda*——I'll be sworn you'll avoid all the Charge of gay Dress, high Play, and stately Childbirth——you understand me, Sir?

*O. Book.* I never could see any thing in my Son that's disingenuous, to put his aged Father to this Shame.

*Fred.* Never fret or grieve for't——He told *Love-more* this Morning, such a Relation of his feasting Ladies,

Ladies, and I know not what—that he has brought a Tilt upon his Hands, to morrow Morning—therefore keep him at Home—I'll to his Adversary, so we'll convince him of a fault which has so ill (tho' not intended) Consequences.

*O. Book.* You'll highly oblige me, Sir, I'll trouble you no longer. [Exeunt.]

SCENE *Newgate.* Young Bookwit, Latine, Simon, Storm, with the Croud of Gaol-Birds.

*Storm.* I apprehend, Sir, by Mr. Turnkey, the Gentleman there with a broken Nose, that you're brought in for Murder—I honour you, Sir,—I don't question but 'twas done like a Gentleman—

*Y. Book.* I hope it will appear so.

*Storm.* I come, I fear, Sir, to your Acquaintance with some Prejudice, because you see me thus in Irons—but Affliction is the Portion of the Virtuous and the Gallant—

*Y. Book.* It does not depress, Sir, but manifest the Braye.

*Storm.* Right, Sir, I find you're noble—you may perhaps have heard of me—my Name is *Storm*—This Person my Friend, who is called *Faggot*, and myself being expos'd by an ungrateful World, to feel its Cruelty and Contempt of ragged Virtue—made War upon it—and in open Day infested their High-Road.

*Y. Book.* Your humble Servant, Gentlemen—I do convince you—your Spirits could not stoop to barter on the Change, to sneer in Courts, to lye, to flatter, or to creep for Bread—You therefore chuse rather to prey like Lions, than betray like Crocodiles, or fawn like Dogs—you took upon you to interrupt the Commerce of a cheating World—to unload the Usurer of his anxious Pelf—and save the thoughtless landed Boy, he travell'd to undo—with a thousand such good Actions, by which means you two are infamous

famous, for what two millions of you had been glorious.

*Storm.* Right, Sir,——I see you're knowing, Sir, and learn'd in Man——This Gentleman, Mr. *Charcoal* the Chymist, was our secret Correspondent, and as we never robb'd a poor Man——so he never cheated a Fool——But still impos'd on your most sprightly Wits and Genius——Fellows of Fire, and Metal, whose quick Fancies and eager Wishes form'd Reasons for their undoing——He is a Follower of the great *Raimundus Lutius*; the Publick think to frighten him into their own Purposes——But he'll leave the ungrateful World without the Secret——

*Char.* You know, Sir, he that at first asserted the Antipodes, dy'd for that Knowledge; and I, Sir, having found out the Melioration of Metals, the Ignorant will needs call it Coining——and I am to be hang'd for't, would you think it?

*Y. Book.* When pray, Sir, are you to be immortal?

*Char.* On *Friday* next——I'm very unhappy our Acquaintance is to be short——I'm very sorry your Business is not over, Sir, that if it must be, we might go together.

*Y. Book.* I'm highly oblig'd to you, Sir.

*Char.* Yet let me tell you, Sir, because by secret Sympathy I'm yours——I must acquaint you, if you can obtain the favour of an Opportunity and a Crucible——I can shew Projection——directly, *Sol*, Sir, *Sol*, Sir, more bright than that high Luminary the *Latins* call'd so——Wealth shall be yours——We'll turn each Bar about us into Golden Ingots——Sir, can you lend me half a Crown?

*Y. Book.* Oh, Sir, a Trifle between such old Acquaintance.

*Storm.* You'll be indicted, Sir, to-morrow——I would advise you, when your Indictment's read——to one Thing——that is——don't cavil at false *Latin*: but if by chance there should be a Word of good, except to that, and puzzle the whole Court.

*Y. Book.*



*Y. Book.* Sir, I'm oblig'd——

*Storm.* I defy the World to say, I ever did an ill Thing, I love my Friend——but there is always some little Trifle given to Prisoners, they call Garnish; we of the Road are above it, but o't'other side of the House, silly Rascals that came voluntarily hither——Such as are in for Fools, sign'd their own *Mittimus*, in being bound for others, may perhaps want it: I'll be your faithful Almoner.

*Y. Book.* Oh, by all means, Sir,—[*Gives him Money.*]

*Storm.* Pray, Sir, is that your Footman?

*Y. Book.* He is my Friend, Sir.

*Storm.* Look you, Sir, the only time to make use of a Friend is in Extremity; do you think you cou'd not hang him, and save yourself; Sir, my Service to you, your own Health.

*Prisf.* Captain, your Health.

[*Gives it to the next Prisoner.*]

2 *Prisf.* Captain, your Health.

*Storm.* But perhaps the Captain likes Brandy better——So ho! Brandy there——[*Drinks.*] But you don't perhaps like these strong Liquors——Cyder ho!——Drinks to him in it——Gentlemen all——But Captain, I see you don't love Cyder neither——You and I will be for Claret then——Ay marry! I knew this would please [*Drinks.*] you. [*Drinks again.*] Faith we'll make an end on't, I'm glad you like it.

*Turn.* I'm sorry, Captain *Storm*, to see you impose upon a Gentleman, and put him to charge in his Misfortune——If a Petty Larceny Fellow had done this——But one of the Road!

*Storm.* I beg your Pardon, Sir, I don't question but the Captain understands there is a Fee to you for going to the Keeper's Side. [*Book. and Latine give him Money.*] [*Exeunt Turnkey, Simon following.*] Nay, nay, you must stay here.

*Sim.* Why I am *Simon*, Madam *Penelope's* Man.

*Storm.* Then Madam *Penelope's* Man must strip for Garnish; indeed, Master *Sim.* you must.

*Sim.* Thieves! Thieves! Thieves!

*Storm.*

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*Storm.* Thieves! Thieves! Why you senseless Dog, do you think there's Thieves in *Newgate*? Away with him to the Tap-house. [*Pushes him off.*] We'll drink his Coat off. Come, my little Chymist, thou shalt transmit this Jacket into Liquor, Liquor that will make us forget the evil Day——And while Day is ours, let us be merry.

*For little Villains must submit to Fate,  
That great ones may enjoy the World in State.*

*Exeunt.*



ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Newgate.*

SCENE opens, and discovers Bookwit on a Couch asleep, Latine looking on him.

*Lat.* **H**OW quietly he rests! Oh that I could, by watching him, hanging thus over him, and feeling all his Care, protect his Sleep!

Oh Sleep! thou sweetest Gift of Heaven to Man,  
Still in thy downy Arms embrace my Friend,  
Nor loose him from his inexistant Trance

To sense of him of Yesterday, and pain of Being;  
In thee th' Oppressors sooth their angry Brow,  
In thee th' Oppress'd forget Tyrannick Pow'r,  
In thee——

The Wretch condemn'd is equal to his Judge,  
And the sad Lover to his cruel Fair;

Nay, all the shining Glories Men pursue;  
When thou art wanted, are but empty Noise;  
Who then wou'd court the Pomp of guilty Power,  
When the Mind sickens at the weary Shew,

*And,*

And flies to temporary Death for Ease;  
When half our Life's Cessation of our Being——  
He awakes——

How do I pity that returning Life,  
Which I cou'd hazard thousand Lives to save!

*Y. Book.* How heavily do I awake this Morning!  
Oh this senseless drinking! To assure a whole Weeks's  
Pain for an Hour's Jollity——Methinks my Senses are  
burning round me——I have but interrupted Hints of  
the last Night——Ha; in a Gaol; Oh! I remem-  
ber, I remember: Oh *Love-more! Love-more!* I re-  
member——

*Lat.* You must have Patience, and bear it like a  
Man.

*Y. Book.* Oh! whither shall I run, t'avoid myself?  
Why all these Bars? These bolted Iron Gates?  
They're needless to secure me——Here, here's  
my Rack,

My Gaol, my Torture——

Oh! I can't bear it——I cannot bear the rushing  
Of new Thoughts——

Fancy expands my Senses to Distraction,  
And my Soul stretches to that boundless Space,  
To which I've sent my wretched, wretched Friend.

Oh! *Latine! Latine!* Is all our Mirth and Humour  
come to this?

Give me thy Bosom, close in thy Bosom hide me  
From thy Eyes, I cannot bear their Pity or Re-  
proach——

*Lat.* Dear *Book-wit*, how heartily I love you——I  
don't know what to say——But pray have Patience.

*Y. Book.* If you can't bear my Pain, that's but com-  
municated by your Pity——how shall I my proper  
inborn Woe, my wounded Mind?

*Lat.* In all Assaults of Fortune that should be se-  
rene,  
Not in the Power of Accident or Chance——

*Y. Book.* Words! Words! all that is but mere Talk;  
Perhaps indeed to undeserv'd Affliction  
Reason and Argument may give Relief,

Or

Or in the known Vicissitudes of Life,  
 We may feel Comfort by ourself persuasion.  
 But oh! there is no talking away Guilt:  
 This Divine Particle will ake for ever.  
 There is no Help but whence I dare not ask;  
 When this material Organ's indispos'd,  
 Juleps can cool, and Anodynes give Rest,  
 But nothing mix with this celestial Drop,  
 But Dew from that high Heav'n of which 'tis part.

*Lat.* May that high Heav'n compose your Mind,  
 And reconcile you to yourself.

*Y. Book.* How can I hope it!——

No——I must descend from Man,  
 Grovel on Earth, nor dare look up again!  
 Oh *Lovemore*! *Lovemore*! where is he now?  
 Oh! Thinking, Thinking, why didst thou not come  
 sooner,  
 Or not now!——

My Thoughts do so confuse me now,——as my  
 Folly and Pleasures did before this fatal Accident,——  
 that I can recollect whence *Lovemore* was provok'd to  
 challenge me.

*Lat.* You know, dear *Bookwit*, I fear'd some Ill  
 from a careless way of talking——But alas! I dream  
 not of so great——

*Y. Book.* Ay there it was——He was naturally a  
 little jealous! Heavens, do I say he was! I talk'd to  
 him of Ladies, Treats, and he might possibly believe  
 'twas where he had engag'd——I remember his seri-  
 ous Behaviour on that Subject——Oh this unhappy  
 Tongue of mine!

Thou lawless voluble destroying Foe,  
 That still run'st on, nor wait'st Command of Reason,  
 Oh! I cou'd tear thee from me——

*Lat.* Did you not expostulate before the Action?

*Y. Book.* He wou'd have don't; but I flush'd with  
 the Thoughts of Duelling——press'd on——Thus  
 for the empty Praise of Fools, I'm solidly unhappy.

*Lat.* You take it too deeply——Your Honour  
 was concern'd.

*Y. Book.*



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*Y. Book.* Honour! the horrid Application of that sacred Word to a Revenge 'gainst Friendship, Law and Reason, is a damn'd last shift of the damn'd envious Foe of Human Race. The routed Fiend projected this but since th' expansive glorious Law from Heav'n came down——Forgive.

*Enter Turnkey.*

*Turn.* Gentlemen, I come to tell you that you have the favour to be carried in Chairs to your Indictment, to which you must go immediately.

*Lat.* We are ready, Sir.

*Y. Book.* How shall I bear the Eye-shot of the Croud in Court? [Exeunt.]

SCENE, Frederick's Lodgings.

*Enter Lovemore in a Serjeant's Gown, and Frederick.*

*Love.* Mankind is infinitely beholden to this noble Styptick, that cou'd produce such wonderful Effects so suddenly: But tho' my Wound was very slight, I'm weak by the Effusion of so much Blood——

*Fred.* Yet after all, you have not lost enough to cool your Passion. Your Heart still beats *Penelope*, *Penelope*——But in this Disguise you have Opportunity for Observation; you'll see whether you ought still to value her or not; I'm glad you thought of being brought hither as soon as you came to yourself; I expect old *Bookwit* every Moment here——

*Enter Old Bookwit.*

There he is——

*O. Book.* Oh! Mr. *Frederick*——Too late, too late was our Care: they met last Night, and then the fatal Act was done——You'll excuse, Sir, a Father's Sorrow——I can't speak much, but you may guess what I hope from you.

*Fred.* You may depend upon ingenuous Usage in the Prosecution; I'm going instantly to *Penelope's* with this learned Gentleman, to know what he can say  
to

to this matter—I desir'd you in the Note I sent you to purchase the Favour of your Son's being brought thither, where he and you may be Witnesses of what shall pass—I seek not his Blood, nor would neglect a Justice to my deceas'd Friend.

*O. Book.* I believe my Son and the rest are going thither e'er this; and I desire this worthy Serjeant's Favour and Advice——since we both mean the same thing, only to act with Honour, if his Life may be sav'd——

*Love.* I'll do what's just to the Deceas'd and the Survivor.

*O. Book.* I'll leave you, but will take care to come in just afore the Criminals arrive—— [Exit.

*Love.* The poor old Gentleman——Pr'ythee let's go, I long to see my lovely Torment *Penelope*.

*Fred.* I'll but leave Word within. [Exeunt.

### SCENE, Penelope's Lodgings.

*Enter Penelope and Victoria.*

*Pen.* It seems *Simon* lay out all Night, and was carried away by the Watch with some Gentlemen in a Quarrel.

*Vic.* I fancy the Men who are always for shewing their Valour, are like the Women who are always talking of their Chastity, because they are conscious of their defect in't.

*Pen.* Right——for we are not apt to raise Arguments, but about what we think is disputable——

*Vic.* Ay, ay, they whose Honour is a sore part, are more fearful of being touch'd, than they in whom 'tis only a tender one. But tell me honestly, *Penelope*, should poor *Love*more be in this Rencounter, and that for your sake, wou'd it have no effect upon you in his Favour?

*Pen.* I don't know how to answer you; but I find something in that Reflection, which acquaints me 'tis very hard for one to know one's own Heart. [Sighs.

*Vic.*

*Via.* However, let your Heart answer me one Question more, as well as it can——Does it love me as well as ever it did?

*Pen.* Does not, Madam, that Question proceed from a Change in your own?

*Via.* It does, *Penelope*, I own it does——I had a long conflict with myself on my Pillow, last night.

*Pen.* What were your Thoughts there?

*Via.* That I ow'd it to our Friendship to acknowledge to you that all the Pleasure I once had in you, is vanished——Ah *Penelope*! I'm sorry for every good Quality you have——

*Pen.* Since you are so frank——I must confess to you something very like this——But however I envy'd that sprightly ingenuous native Beauty of yours; I see it now so much the figure of your Mind, that I can conquer, I think I can, any Inclination in myself that opposes the Happiness of so sincere a Friend——

*Via.* Explain yourself, my Dear.

*Pen.* I'll discountenance this *Bookwit*'s ambiguous Addresses——And if *Lovemore* can forgive my late ill Usage——I need say no more——

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Mr. *Frederick* below desires to see you, on some extraordinary Business.

*Via.* I have not time, my dearest Friend, to applaud or thank you——but must run in——He comes from *Lovemore*——remember [Exit.

*Pen.* Let him come up——Now can't I for my Life forbear a little Tyranny.

*Enter Frederick and Lovemore.*

*Pen.* Good-morrow, Sir: I believe I know your Business——you're officious for your Friend——But I am deaf.

*Fred.* I know you are, and have been; but I come only to do him a last Office——He'll trouble you no more, but I must conjure you to read this,

D

and

and inform this learned Gentleman what you know of this Misfortune.

*Pen.* Reading. *Your Cruelty provok'd me to desire the favour of dying by Mr. Bookwit's Hand, since he had taken from me more than Life, in robbing me of you — farewel for ever — I direct Frederick not to give you this, 'till I am no more — Writ in his Blood! —* 'Till I am no more! *Lowemore* no more — Thou shalt not be no more — Thou shalt live here for ever. Here thou dearest Paper, mingle with my Life's Stream: Either the Paper bleeds a-new, or my Eyes weep Blood — So let 'em do for ever — Oh, my *Lowemore*! Did the Vanity of a prating Boy banish thy solid Services and manly Love?

*Fred.* This is no Reparation to him for his lost Life, nor me for my lost Friend — Yet when you please to receive 'em, I am oblig'd to deliver you some Papers, wherein he has given you all the Fortune he could bestow; nor would revoke it, ev'n thus injur'd as he was —

*Pen.* Curse on all Wealth and Fortune! he, he is gone, who only deserv'd all, and whose Worth I know too late.

*Love.* Oh Ecstasy! why was I angry at her rejoicing at my Sorrow, when hers to me is such a perfect Bliss? 'Tis barbarous, not to discover myself?

[To *Fred.*

*Fred.* Do, and be us'd barbarously — But, Madam, you must be compos'd; your Life for ought I know is at stake, for there is no such thing as Accessaries in Murder; and it can be prov'd, you knew of *Lowemore's* threatening to fight *Bookwit* — You must either take your Tryal yourself, or be Mr. *Bookwit's* Witness.

*Pen.* I his Witness? — No, — I'll swear any thing to hang him.

*Fred.* Ah! Madam, you must consider yourself however — Pray, Sir, read her Indictment to her.

*Love.*



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*Love.* Reading. *That on the said third Day of April, the said Penelope, of the Parish of St. Martin's in the Fields, Spinster, without Fear before her Eyes, but by the Instigation of the Devil, and through an evil Pride of Heart——*

*Pen.* 'Tis too true—— [Weeping.

*Love.* *Did contrive, abet, and consent to the Death of John Lovemore Esquire, of the Age of twenty-eight Years, or thereabouts.*

*Fred.* I can't bear the mention of him without Tears. He was the sincerest Friend.

*Love.* I think I have seen him—— He was, I've heard, a Man of Honesty, but of something a disagreeable Make.

*Pen.* Oh! Sir, you never saw him, if you think so——

His Person was as free as his Mind was honest, nor had he Imperfection, but his Love of me. [Weeps.

*Love.* I tremble, I shall disoblige her too much.

[To Fred.

*Fred.* You shan't discover yourself, you shall go through her Soul, now 'tis mov'd on our side—Win her now, or see my Face no more——I'll not have my Wine spoil'd every Night, with your Retail of Love, and asking Advice, tho' you never mean to take it, like a true Lover.

*Pen.* When did that best of Men expire, good Mr. Frederick?

*Fred.* This Morning: But should I speak the manner. With a faint dying Voice he call'd me to him—I went in Tenderness to take my long Farewel—He in a last Effort of Nature prest me to his Breast, and with the softest Accent sigh'd in Death, *Penelope.*

*Pen.* Oh the too generous Man! Ungrateful I!  
Curse on him first flatter'd with his Tongue,  
On her that first dissembled in her Silence——  
What Miseries have they entail'd on Life,  
To bring in Fraud and Diffidence in Love?  
Simplicity's the Dress of honest Passion,

Then why our Arts, why to a Man enamour'd,  
That at her Feet effuses all his Soul,  
Most Women cold appear, false to herself and him?

*Fred.* Do you see there—You'd have spoke before  
she consider'd that—— [*Afide to Love.*

*Pen.* Oh! cou'd I see him now, to press his livid Lips,  
And call him back to Life with my Complaints,  
His Eyes wou'd glare upon my Guilt with Horror,  
That us'd to glote and melt in Love before me——

Let mine for ever then be shut to Joy,  
To all that's bright, and valuable in Man!

I'll to his sacred Ashes be a Wife,

And to his Memory devote my Life. [*Exit.*

*Love.* This is worth dying for indeed——I'll follow her.

*Fred.* No, you shan't; let her go in——throw herself upon her Bed, and hug, and call her Pillow *Love-more*. 'Tis but what you've done a thousand times for her.

*Love.* That's true too.

*Fred.* Let her contemplate on the Mischief of her Vanity: She shall lament 'till her Glass is of our side——'Till its pretty Nies be all blubber'd, its Heart must heave and pant with perfect Anguish before 'twill feel the Sorrow of another's. Don't you know Pride, Scorn, Affectation, and a whole Train of Ills must be fobbd away, before a great Beauty's mortify'd to purpose.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Old Mr. Bookwit enquires for you here, Mr. Frederick.

*Fred.* Pray, let him come up.

*Enter Old Bookwit.*

*Love.* What's the matter? You seem more discompos'd than you were at Mr. Frederick's; something still new.

*O. Book.* I saw the Boy a coming in a Chair, he looks languid and distress'd, poor Lad! He has all his

his Mother's Softness, by Nature of the sweetest Disposition——Oh! Gentlemen!—you know not what it is to be a Father——To see my only Child in that Condition——My Grief quickened at the sight of him; I thought I could have Patience, 'till I saw him.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* There are two or three in Chairs desire Admittance by Appointment.

*O. Book.* 'Tis right, Sir.

*Enter Bookwit, Latine, and Gaoler.*

Oh, my dear Child, oh *Tom!* are all thy aged Father's Hopes then come to this, that he can't see thee his only Son, but guarded by a Gaoler?——Thy Mother's happy, that liv'd not to see this Day—Is all the Nurture that she gave thy Infancy——The Erudition she bequeath'd thy Youth, thus answered?——Oh, my Son! my Son! rise and support thy Father; I sink with Tenderness, my Child, come to my Arms while thou art mine.

*Y. Book.* Oh best of Fathers!

Let me not see your Tears, don't double my Afflictions by your Woe——

There's Consolation when a Friend laments us, but when a Parent grieves, the Anguish is too native, Too much our own to be called Pity.

Oh! Sir, consider, I was born to die——

'Tis but expanding Thought, and Life is nothing;

Ages and Generations pass away,

And with resistless Force, like Waves o'er Waves,

Roll down th' irrevocable Stream of Time,

Into the insatiate Ocean for ever—Thus we are gone.

But the erroneous Sense of Man—'tis the Lamented

That's at rest, but the Survivor mourns——

All my Sorrows vanish with that Thought,

But Heav'n grant my aged Father Patience.

*O. Book.* Oh Child!

*[Turning away.]*

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*Y. Book.* Do not torment yourself, you shall promise not to grieve——

What if they do upbraid you with my Death——

Consider, Sir, in Death that our Relation ceases,

Nor shall I want your Care, or know your Grief.

It matters not whether by Law, or Nature, 'tis I die:

What, won't my Father hear me plead to him?

Don't turn from me——

Yet don't look at me with your Soul so full.

*O. Book.* Oh my Child, my Child——I cou'd hear thee ever.

'Twas that I lov'd thee, that I turn away.

To hear my Son persuade me to resign him,

I can't, I can't. The Grief is insupportable.

*Y. Book.* You make a Coward of me with your Anguish.

I grow an Infant, scarce can weep with Silence,

But let me keep some Decency in my Distress.

*O. Book.* If we might be apart——

[*Looking at the Company.*]

But that's too much to hope.

*Gaol.* No, No, we'll leave you to yourselves.

[*Exeunt.*]

*O. Book.* I have too much upon me, Child, to speak——

And indeed have nothing to say, but to feed my Eyes upon thee, e'er we part for ever, if Tears would let me——When you have slept in your Cradle, I have wak'd for you——and was it to this End——Oh

Child, you've broke your Father's Heart. [*Swoons.*]

*Y. Book.* Good Heav'n forbid it——guard him and protect him.

He faints, he's cold, he's gone; [*Running to him.*]

He's gone, and with his last Breath call'd me Parricide.

You've broke your Father's Heart! Oh killing Sound!

I'm all Contagion, to pity me is Death.

My Grievs to all are mortal but myself.

You've broke your Father's Heart! if I did so,

Why thus serene in Death, thou smiling Clay,

Why that calm Aspect to thy Murderer?

Oh



Oh big unutterable Grief——merciful Heav'n!  
 I don't deserve this Ease of Tears to melt  
 With Penitence——Oh sweet, sweet Remorse,  
 Now all my Powers give way  
 To my just Sorrow, for the best of Fathers. [*Aloud.*  
 Thou venerable Fountain of my Life,  
 Why don't I also die, deriv'd from thee?  
 Sure you are not gone——Is the way out of Life  
 Thus easy, which you so much fear'd in me?  
 [*Takes him by the Hand,*  
 Why stay I after? but I deserve to stay,  
 To feel the quick Remembrance of my Follies.  
 Yet if my Sighs, my Tears, my Anguish can atone—

*Re-enter Frederick, Lovemore, Latine, Gaoler,  
 Victoria and Penelope.*

*Fred.* What is the Matter?—What?——

*Y. Book.* Behold this Sight, I am the guilty Wretch——

*Fred.* Keep aside a little, Sir, he only swoons, I  
 hope; I think he breathes—yes he returns—you  
 must compose yourself.

*Lat.* Poor *Bookwit*, how utterly he seems distress'd.

*O. Book.* I will be calm——re-sign to Heaven, and  
 hear you patiently.

*Fred.* You, Sir, his Favourite Servant, pray speak  
 honestly the Truth of what you know, to this learned  
 Gentleman; who is Counsel in this Case.

*Y. Book.* He is not——

*Love.* Pray, Sir, give the Servant leave first.

*Lat.* Know then, I am not what I seem, but a  
 Gentleman of a plentiful Fortune. I am thus dress'd  
 to carry on such gay Pursuits as should offer in this  
 Town——Not to detain you, Mr. *Bookwit* sent me  
 late last Night, with a Letter to one of these Ladies—  
 Coming from thence, as I cross'd, I saw *Lovemore* in  
 the Garden; he stopp'd me, and after some Questions  
 concerning my Message to this House, to which he  
 did not like my Answers, he struck me; we fought  
 ——Mett him dead upon the Spot, of which this  
 Gentleman is guiltless——

*O. Book.*

80      *The LYING LOVER: or,*

*O. Book.* How! was it you then, that kill'd Mr. *Love*more?

*Lat.* 'Twas this unhappy Hand gave him his Death, but so provok'd——

*Y. Book.* Who could believe that any pleasing Passion  
Cou'd touch a Breast loaded with Guilt like mine?  
But all my Mind is seiz'd with Admiration  
Of thy stupendous Friendship——What then——  
Could'st thou hold thy innocent Hand up at a Bar  
With Felons, to save thy Friend?

How shall I chide or praise thy brave Imposture?  
Ah! Sir! believe him not—He cannot bear the Loss  
of me, whom he o'ervalues; therefore with highest  
Gallantry he offers a Benefit which 'twere the meanest  
Baseness to receive.

But Death's more welcome than a Life so purchas'd.

*Lat.* We all know you can talk, and gild things as  
you please, but the Lady's Servant knows I was taken  
near the Body, when you——

*Y. Book.* Sir, do but hear me—[*Pushing away Lat.*

*Lat.* I'll easily convince you. [*Pushing away Book.*

*Y. Book.* Pray mind him not, his Brain is touch'd——

*Lat.* I am the Man, he was not near the Place——

*Love.* I can hold out no longer——*Love*more still  
liveth to adore your noble Friendship, and begs a share  
in't. Be not amaz'd! but let me grasp you both,  
who in an Age degenerate as this, have such transcen-  
dent Virtue——

*Y. Book.* Oh *Love*more! *Love*more! How shall I  
speak my Joy at thy Recovery——  
I fall beneath the too ecstasick Pleasure——  
What help has human Nature from its Sorrows,  
When our Relief itself is such a Burthen!

*O. Book.* Oh, the best Burthen upon Earth! I beg  
your Pardon, Sir——I never was so taken with a Man  
in my Life at first Sight. [*Kisses Love.*] Let me be  
known to you too. [*To Lat.*

*Lat.* Sir, You do me honour——

*O. Book.* But, you, Ladies are the first Cause of  
the many Errors we have been in, and you only can  
extricate

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extricate us with Satisfaction——Such is the Force of Beauty——The Wounds the Sword gave this Gentleman were slight, but you have transfix'd a vital and a noble Part, his Heart——Had I known his Pretences, I had not interpos'd for my Son——

*Fred.* Come, Madam, no more of the Cruel——Go on, *Lovemore*; o' my Conscience the Man's afraid 'tis Impudence to be alive again——You see him now, Madam, now you may press his livid Lips, and call him back to Life with your Complaints.

*Love.* I stand, methinks, upon the Brink of Fate, in an ambiguous Interval of Life, and doubt t'accept of Being till you smile. In every human Incident besides

I am superior, and can chuse or leave,  
But in minutest things that touch my Love,  
My Bosom's seiz'd with Anguish, or with Transport.

*Pen.* You've shewn your Passion to me with such Honour, that if I am confus'd, I know I should not be, to say I approve it——For I know no Rules should make me insensible of generous Usage——My Person and my Mind are yours for ever.

*Love.* Then Doubts and Fears and anxious Cares be gone.

All ye black Thoughts that did corrode my Breast;  
Here enter Faith, and Confidence, and Love;  
Love that can't live with Jealousy, but dwells  
With sacred Marriage, Truth, and mutual Honour.  
I knew not where you wou'd bestow your Vows,  
But never doubted of your Faith when given.

[Kissing her Hands.

*O. Book.* You see, my Son, how Constancy's rewarded!

You have from Nature every Quality,  
To make you well become what Fortune gave you:  
But neither Wit or Beauty, Wealth or Courage,  
Implicitely deserve the World's Esteem,  
They're only in their Application, Goods——  
How cou'd you fight a Man, you knew not why?  
You don't think that 'tis great, merely to dare?

'Tis

'Tis that a Man is just he should be bold;  
Indeed you have err'd.

*Lat.* You give my Friend, methinks, too much  
Compunction for a little Levity in his Actions——  
when he's too severe in's own Reflections on 'em.

*Pen.* Well, *Victoria*, you see I take your Advice at  
last in Choice of *Love-more*.

*Vict.* I congratulate your missing of the other.

*Pen.* I heartily believe you, my dear Friend.

*O. Book.* But we best guide our Actions by hopes  
of Reward. Cou'd but my Son have such a glorious  
Prospect as this Fair-One, [*To Victoria.*] I doubt  
not but his future Carriage wou'd deserve her.

*Vict.* I believe I may safely promise to approve of  
all the Truth he tells me.

*Y. Book.* You've promised then, to like all I shall  
say.

*O. Book.* These unexpected good Events deserve our  
Celebration with some Mirth and Fiddles.

*Fred.* I foresaw this happy Turn, therefore have  
prepar'd 'em——Call in the Dancers.



SONG



S O N G,

By Mr. LEVERIDGE.

I.

**T**HE rolling Years the Joys restore,  
Which happy, happy Britain knew,  
When in a Female Age before  
Beauty the Sword of Justice drew.

II.

Nymphs and Fauns, and rural Pow'rs,  
Of crystal Floods and shady Bow'rs,  
No more shall here preside:  
The flowing Wave and living Green,  
Owe only to their present Queen  
Their Safety and their Pride.

III.

United Air, and Pleasures bring,  
Of tender Note, and tuneful String,  
All your Arts devoted are  
To move the Innocent and Fair:  
While they receive the pleasing Wound,  
Echo repeats the dying Sound.

[share,

Y. Book. Since such deserv'd Misfortunes they must  
Who with gay Falshoods entertain the Fair;  
Let all with this just Maxim guide their Youth,  
There is no Gallantry in Love, but Truth. [Exeunt.

EPI



## EPILOGUE.

**O**UR too advent'rous Author soar'd To-night  
Above the little Praise, Mirth to excite,  
And chose with Pity to chastise Delight. }  
For Laughter's a distorted Passion, born  
Of sudden Self-Esteem, and sudden Scorn ;  
Which when 'tis o'er, the Men in Pleasure wise,  
Both him that mov'd it, and themselves, despise :  
While generous Pity of a painted Woe  
Makes us ourselves both more approve and know.  
What is that Touch within, which Nature gave  
For Man to Man, e'er Fortune made a Slave ?  
Sure it descends from that dread Power alone, }  
Who levels Thunder from his awful Throne,  
And shakes both Worlds—yet hears the Wretched groan.  
'Tis what the ancient Sage could ne'er define,  
Wonder'd—and call'd, Part human, Part divine :  
'Tis that pure Joy, which guardian Angels know,  
When timely they assist their Care below ;  
When they the Good protect, the Ill oppose ;  
'Tis what our Sovereign feels, when she bestows,  
Which gives her glorious Cause such high Success,  
That only on the Stage you see Distress.



